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WAUKEGAN WOMAN MISSING

Mrs. Jno. Hemmen of Waukegan Goes Out Walking and Fails to Return

MAKING A COUNTY SEARCH

All Hospitals in Chicago and the North Shore Visited in Vain Search

Mrs. John Henman, wife of the Genesse street, Waukegan, photographer, left home Tuesday afternoon of last week, at two o'clock to take a walk which has been her habit for a long time. She left her two children at home, corner Gillette avenue and County street, the youngest child being one and one-half years old.

Failure of the woman to return home since she left, caused Mr. Hemmen and his relatives to report the matter to the police at eight o'clock Tuesday evening and while at first they were not concerned to any great extent over her absence, when she failed to return during the night, the police instituted a careful search in the endeavor to get a trace of her.

It was discovered that at about three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, she was seen passing the home of James Blanchard, two miles north of Waukegan, walking along Sheridan road. This led to the belief that she may have gone to Zion City, where she found shelter for the night.

With the exception of a few new clews which the police are investigating, the disappearace of Mrs. John Hemmen, is as far from a solution as ever.

Mrs. Dan Rogers, wife of a news agent in the Northwestern depot furnished a clew which may result in the search being transferred to an entirely different locality. Heretofore the search has been north of Waukegan because all the clews seemed to point in that direction.

The woman sat down in the waiting room for a time and Mrs. Rogers lost interest in her. She did not see her go out. One thing is quite certain however—if the woman was Mrs. Hemmen she must have taken a train in the direction of Chicago for there was no north bound train for two hours. The police are seeking to trace the movements of the woman in question.

Several auto loads of policemen, firemen and private citizens went to Beach about four miles north of Waukegan, where they searched the shanties occuppied by Italian section hands. The laborers professed not to have seen the missing woman. There are hundreds of searchers still out.

Mr. Hemmen received a clew which he considered of sufficient value to look up. This took him north to Waukegan. He left without saying just what the clew is.

Mr. Hemmen refuses to believe his wife is dead and is determined to continue the search until he finds her.

The search for Mrs. Hemmen took a new angle on Sunday when the husband accompanied by B. A. Munson, head of the Waukegan business college and president of the Y. M. C. A., went to Chicago to go through every hospital in city in the possible chance that Mrs. Hemmen may be in one of them. The search of the hospitals was started upon the suggestion of Assistant Chief of Police Tyrrell who said that possibly the missing woman might have been picked up in a state of temporary dementia and have been taken to one of the hospitals for treatment. He said it was possible also that she might have been burt and is being cared for in some hospital or sanitarium and that she has not yet been able to make her identity known.

Amateur.

"Some saintly folk in this town are always throwing the game of poker at our unoffending head," says a Georgia editor. "We want to say, once for all, that we don't know the game. If we had known it we'd be richer, at this writing, by a house and lot, a gold watch and chain, and a real diamond stud."—Atlanta Constitution.

VOLO CASE NOT TO BE TRIED AT PRESENT TERM OF COURT

The $100,000 damage suit of Mrs. John Richardson of Volo against the several Volo women who rode her on the rail last summer will not be heard at this term of court as was expected would be the case.

Attorney Pope, representing the Volo women has asked for a continuance and it has been agreed to by the counsel representing Mrs. Richardson.

The reason the case was postponed to the next term of court, is because, as Mr. Pope explains, some of the women defendants are ill and they all wish to be in court when the case is heard.

The damage suit is the outgrowth of the rail incident. The criminal case resulted in the five women being found guilty and the court assessed them $100 fine each. The fine has never yet been paid and the general feeling is that the court may show leniency and never compel them to pay it.

Before the criminal case had started, Mrs. Richardson started the damage suit by which she hopes to be paid for the treatment she received on that memorable night. It is stated at Volo that none but one of the women defendants has any means of account, hence the damage suit is likely not to pan out as many have expected—sensational and liable to give Mrs. Richardson a big verdict.

The report comes from the Richardson side of the case, however, that since the damage case was started that some of the women defendants have transferred real estate to other members of their family, a fact which no doubt if true, will be proved by the plaintiffs in presenting their side of the case.

Completed Survey of State Road

The survey has been ordered by the state to be made on all state aid roads in Illinois has been completed in Lake county and Highway Superintendent Russell has announced that everything was ready for the starting of the work on Lake Villa road.

Mr. Russell and Assistant State Engineer L. H. Bushnell were in charge of the survey. They started from the Waukegan end of the road and went to the end of the proposed improvement zone. A minute examination and survey was made of every foot of the road and the state is now in possession of information by which they can tell to the smallest item what it will take to carry out their part of the proposed improvements.

The Barber Estate Tax

Attorney Edward D. Shurtleff of Marengo is being congratulated by McHenry county people familiar with his great work as chief attorney in what is known as the celebrated Barber tax case, wherein it was found that a resident of the county for ten years passed away leaving an estate of almost two millions of dollars and who had paid taxes on only $20,000 worth of property during the years he made Crystal Lake his home. To Attorney Shurtleff is due, without question the obtaining of $82,000.33 of omitted tax money which goes to various taxing bodies of McHenry county, which share them in the following portions:

State of Illinois	$11,637.88
McHenry county	10,436.38
Town of Algonquin	1,327.90
Road and bridge tax	11,397.67
Village of Crystal Lake	7,105 72
Crystal Lake Union School District	40,100.00
Total	$82,006.33

Dead Man Found In Lake

Two coeds from Lake Forest university were considerably frightened late Friday afternoon when they saw a corpse floating in the lake near shore while they were taking a walk along the beach. They reported the matter to the authorities and the body was removed from the water and taken to the Wneban undertaking establishment at Lake Forest

A laundry receipt found in the pockets of the dead man indicated that he was Geo. Birmingham of Austin. A telephone call to that place resulted in this fact becoming confirmed. A brother of the dead man at once hastened to Lake Forest. The coroner's inquest was held Friday night and the result was that it was practically assured that the man must have come to his death from suicide or as the result of an accident.

Cheerful.

Widowed Servant (who has received a wreath from her mistress)—"I don't know 'ow to th—th—thank yu, mum, I 'o—o—ope to do the same for you some day."

BANDIT HOLDS UP STORE

Holds up Round Lake Store In True Western Style

GET SUM OF $300 IN CASH

Walks in Store Through Back Door and Pulls Revolver on Occupants, and Escapes in Stolen Rig

The most daring and sensational holdup to occur in Lake county in some years, possibly the most daring since the north side store was held up in Waukegan several years ago, took place at Round Lake Monday evening, March 23, when the C. G. Brainard general store was robbed in the most wild west manner imaginable.

It was just about eight o'clock when the robbery took place with these men as principals and victims of the bandit: C. G. Brainard, owner of store; Harry Sirenson, clerk; Joe Bizzak, customer.

Sirenson gave a detailed account of what happened, as follows:

"We were all in the store about 8 o'clock when a man wearing a dark handkerchief over his face, came in through the back door. His first order to us as we stood near the center of the store was: Throw up your hands.

"Of course we all did so and then he ordered Mr. Brainard to march around to the cash drawer and give him the cash. He told us to keep our hands up in the meantime. Mr. Brainard naturally obeyed his orders for he had a bad looking gun leveled at our heads all the time and we did not want to take any chances.

"Mr. Brainard emptied the cash drawer and it contained about $300 in money and $200 in checks. The robber said he did not want the checks, but took the money, it was mostly bills.

"He then made Bizzak and myself stand close to him and empty our pockets. I had $35 in my pockets but I managed to wrap it up in my handkerchief and thus saved it. Bizzak didn't have a great deal.

"The fellow then ordered us at the point of the revolver to go into the back yard and he followed us to the door. He told us to stand there for twenty minutes or if we failed to do so, we would have our heads blown off.

"He then returned to the store and walked through, still wearing his mask. He walked right to the front door, hustled through and outside he untied Fred Converse's horse in front of the Amann place and started off toward Grayslake. According to Milt Litweiler, who happed to be looking out of the window nearby, he saw the bandit pick up a young fellow about 19 who had been standing in front of the store, which shows that the second man evidently watching the store while he was doing business.

"The men then drove off toward Grayslake and it was not long before we sounded the alarm and an auto loaded with men started after the fellows but they got away. The auto followed them to Hainesville where they found they had abandoned the Converse rig after driving the horse so it was almost exhausted, they then evidently escaped across the fields. "How they got away is hard to figure for there is no train service in that section, the next train was a freight on the St. Paul, about nine o'clock and it is possible the fellow boarded that farther down the line.

Immediately after they found they had failed to get the men, Brainard and others sent word to Sheriff Green who in turn notified the Waukegan police and also all officers of the neighboring cities. A careful watch was kept for the holdup men on the trains entering Chicago and Milwaukee but no clew was secured.

It is believed the holdup men, or at least one of them was seen at Libertyville about 10:30 Monday night. After word had been sent to the sheriff, he wired all towns all over the county, and shortly afterwards, accompanied merely by a chauffeur, Sheriff Green started for Libertyville hoping to get trace of the men there, he explained matters to Marshal Limberry of Libertyville and later returned home.

At 10:30, with George Cleveland and several other Libertyville men, Mar.

(Continued on page four)

WET-DRY DEBATE EXCITING

Was the Most Interesting Meeting of the Entire Campaign

MANY TURNED FROM DOOR

One of the Largest Crowds That Ever Gained Admittance to the Opera House Was Present

The joint debate between the wets and drys Wednesday evening drew out the largest crowd that was ever packed within the doors of the Antioch opera house, and added to the immense crowd within, was nearly as many more on the out side who had to be denied admittance. The debate was scheduled to open at 8:15, but before half past seven almost every available inch of room in the hall was packed. The hall and stairs were next filled and even the fire escapes were loaded.

It had been predicted for days that whirlwind was likely to break loose at this meeting, but the general opinion this morning is that a good sized cyclone broke loose. Some pretty hot arguments were handed back and forth between the debaters, each one adding spice to his talk by flashes of wit that strictly applied to the subject in hand. Each orator stove to gain his point and to hand defeat to the other fellow in a clean, gentlemanly manner, free from mud-slinging or malice. Each talked according to his own convictions and each was loaded with literature and stastics to prove his side of the case.

Mr. Windle handed us an unusual line of argument with an oratorical delivery seldom if even equalled in Antioch, and Rev. Stixrud held his ground with facts, figures and tact, and so interesting was the whole program that a large majority of those present were sorry when it was brought to a to a close. And the general sentiment of the public this morning is that all would like to hear the whole thing all over again. Taking it all together it was one of the swiftest "hoss races" Antioch ever has had and the public must act as the judge.

Anthrax is Cause of Death

Malignant anthrax, one of the most infectious, if not the most infectious disease known to the medical profession, claimed a victim in Kenosha county Friday when Frederick R. Gilmore, fifty-five years of age died at his home in the town of Bistol, after a short illness from the dread disease. Mr. Gilmore had been sick for ten days and had known the nature of his ailment and the fact that he was facing almost certain death from the beginning of his illness. The infection was contracted by the skinning of a cow and when later developments showed the nature of the malady Mr. Gimore gave up all hope of recovery. His death occurred on Friday but so infectious is the disease that the funeral was held the following day, with the burial at Woodworth, Wis. The deceased is survived by his wife and nine children besides many other relatives. He was a bother of Mrs. Eugene Hawkins of Lake Villa and an uncle of E. E. Hawkins, P. O. Hawkins and Fred Hawkins all of this village.

Death of Mrs. Havens at Trevor

With the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Havens of Trevor, which occurred on Tuesday, that community has lost one of its most highly respected residents and the congregational church at Liberty one of its most ardent supporters. For years Mrs. Havens has been deeply interested in the welfare of that church and her generous financial aid has made much possible for it that would otherwise have been denied. Her kindly manner endeared her to the hearts of all and her death is the cause of profound sorrow throughout the entire community.

Elizabeth Arkills was born at Richmond, Ill., Sept. 23, 1842, and when twenty years of age was united in marriage to Mr. Havens. For the past forty-five years her home has been upon the same farm, where she resided at the time of her death.

The funeral services will be held on Friday afternoon at the house at 1 o'clock then to the church for services, with enterment at Liberty Cemetery.

CHRISTOFER TRIEGER DIES AT HIS HOME IN GRASS LAKE

After an illness of about two months Mr. Christofer Trieger passed away at his home at Grass Lake on Tuesday afternoon of this week. Although well advanced in age his health has been unusually good for one of his years until the present winter when he developed a case of acute stomach trouble which resulted in his death.

The deceased was born in the Kingdom of Prussia, Provinence of Saxony, on the Sixth day of March, 1834, and was 80 years and 19 days at the time of his death. There he grew to manhood, and when having arrived at the required age enlisted in the service of his country.

In 1864 he served in the German army through the war with Denmark. In 1866 he again went under fire and served during the Austrian war and again in 1870-71 he served in the Franco-Prussian war, and among his most cherished possessions to the present day are numbered the three medals for bravery that were presented to him, one at the close of each war

In the Fatherland he married, and there his children were born. In the year of 1882 the family came to America and settled at Grass Lake from which place he never removed. On the 26th day of May, 1896, his life's partner was taken from him by death, and after a few years he again married. His wife together with the following children survive him. One daughter Mrs. Emma Waters, of Chicago, and three sons, Barney of Grass Lake, Gus of Chicago, and Robert of Norwood Park, The next to the youngest son Ernest died about three years ago and the whereabouts of the youngest son, Albert, is unknown.

The funeral services are to be held at 2 o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon at the home, with Rev. Stixrud in charge. The burial will be in the Grass Lake cemetery.

Fire Department Organizes

The members of the Antioch Volunteer Fire Department have made a success of this new organization plan, by untiring efforts. At a meeting held Tuesday night at the village hall. The three seperate companies were formed and their respective officers were elected.

The department is now organized in compliance with the state law, which means fire protection of a high standard.

Hose Company 1—CaptiNo. an P. Hawkins, Lieut. F. Palmer. A. V. Chinn, F. S. Morrell. Earl Horton, and A. Rosenfeldt.

Hose Company No. 2—Captian Wm. Dupre, Lieut. H. Wienke. Wm. Belter, J. Wilton, J. Horan, Wm. Christian, and E. L. Simons.

Hook and Ladder Company—Captian C. Kelly, Lieut. Wm. VanPatten. W. Davis, R. L. Van Patten, R. S. Thompson and B. Overton.

The department needs a few more good men. You are invinted to the next meeting at the village hall Tuesday March 31st, at 7:30 P. M.

R. S. Thompson, Sec'y. H. Billett, Marshal.

Woodmen to Meet April 1.

The County Camps of the Modern Woodmen of America, will hold their County Convention to select delegates to the state camp, in the Woodman hall in this village Wednesday afternoon, April 1.

There are 82 delegates in Lake Co., and the membership of the order is 2071 members.

The main business performed at the County Camp is the selection of 4 delgeates to the State camp, which will be held at Rock Island in May of this year.

The following is the number of members of each camp:

Antioch, 134; Deerfield, 83; Grayslake, 113; Highland Park, 92; Highwood 24; Ingleside, 34; Ivanhoe, 65; Lake Forest 104; Lake Villa, 104; Lake Zurich, 37; Libertyville, 164; North Chicago, 92; Prairie View, 59; Round Lake, 46; Russell, 98; Wadsworth, 59; Wauconda, 55; Waukegan, 467; Waukegan, 76; Winthrop Harbor, 30. Total 2071.

Definition of an Epigram.

Fannie Heaslip Lea, writing a story in Woman's Home Compaion, makes one of her characters define an epigram as follows: "An epigram is saying something you don't means, just to be smart."

Probably Provision of Nature.

We do not know why white is an almost unknown color among small birds. Possibly it may be a wise provision of nature for protective purposes. A white bird among green leaves would be a very conspicuous object, and too easily seen by its enemies, such as hawks, falcons, etc.

RESULT OF PRIMARIES SATURDAY

253 Men and 18 Women Voted at Antioch and 85 Men at Lake Villa

VERY LITTLE EXCITEMENT

The Contest Seeming to Center on Town Clerk and Collector, Assessor Not Having Any Opposition

Two hundred and fifty-three men and eighteen women voted at the town primaries held in the Village hall here on last Saturday, the contest seeming to center on the offices of town clerk and collector:

	Men's Vote	Women's Vote
For Assessor		
Chas. Van Patten	221	15
For Collector		
W. T. Taylor	126	10
N. E. Proctor	114	8
For Highway Commissioner		
John Bohrn	133	7
Barney Trieger	49	3
For Town Clerk		
W. S. Rinear	87	6
C. F. Richards	21	10
Walter Chinn	32	1
For Constable		
Stanley Thompson	72	
Ernest Horton	140	
For Committeemen		
B. H. Overton	210	14
Frank Harden	163	7
Henry Grimm	170	9

At the Lake Villa town caucus 85 votes were cast, and the result is as follows:

For Supervisor	
John Stratton	81
For Town Clerk	
C. W. Talbott	22
Albert Kapple	51
For Assessor	
E. A. Wilton	83
For Collector	
Percy Dibble	27
William H. Miller	50
For Highway Commissioner	
George McCredie	72
For Constable	
William Freeman	66
For Committeemen	
Scott LeVoy	61
Eugene Hawkins	58
E. L. Wald	56

Meeting of Teachers Saturday

The March meeting of the teachers of the county will be held next Saturday in the Ravina school at South Highland Park, beginning at 9:30. The school although small is one of the beautiful new buildings of the north shore and was built by D. E. Clarke of Waukegan, its arrangement is according to the recent ideas of school design and architecture.

Miss Susan D. Stone, principal, came from Boston last September to take charge of this school. The superintendent, W. C. McKenzie and Miss Stone extended the invitation to the teachers' association to meet there.

The morning program will consist of pratical class work by the teachers of the building and includes primary work, art work, geography type study, singing and dramatization.

Music by the pupils will open the program of the afternoon after which Miss Eleanor Lally of the University of Chicago, will speak on dramatization in the upper grades. Supt. W. L. Nida of River Forest is to talk on history teaching.

Infantile Paralysis Takes Child

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dibble were called upon on Wednesday of this week part with their only child a son of about eight years of age.

For the past two weeks the little fellow aided by the best of medical skill has been waging a gallant fight with death but his strength proved unequal to the stuggle, and on Wednesday he passed away, a very severe case of infantile paralysis being the cause.

The funeral will be held at the home at one o'clock Friday afternoon with Rev A. O. Stixrud officiating.

The breaved parents have the sympathy of all.

WILSON ANALYZES SELF TO PRESS MEN

President Tells What Office Means to Him.

SIZE OF TASK TREMENDOUS

Chief Executive Finds Pose of Dignity Irksome and Declares When Term Is Over He Will Visit Washington on Sightseeing Tour.

Washington, March 23.—Woodrow Wilson unbosomed himself to the members of the National Press club of Washington Friday, telling them in a frank, conversational way how he felt as president of the United States; how difficult it was for him to imagine himself as the chief executive with the formal amenities of the position, and how he had struggled to be as free as the ordinary individual without the restraints of his office.

It was an intimate picture of Woodrow Wilson—the man—drawn by himself, on the occasion of the "housewarming" at the Press club's new quarters.

The president did not intend to have his remarks reported, but later, at the request of the club, the speech was made public.

Wilson, as He Sees Himself.

"I was just thinking of my sense of confusion of identity sometimes when I read articles about myself," the president said. "I have never read an article about myself in which I recognized myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud, because I think a great many of these articles are written in absolute good faith.

"I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impressions I make—and it is being borne in on me so that it may change my very disposition—that I am a cold and removed person who has a thinking machine inside which he adjusts to the circumstances—which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind—but turns like a cold searchlight on anything that is presented to his attention and makes it work.

Feels Responsibility Keenly.

"I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus inside of me. On the contrary, if I were to interpret myself, I would say that my constant embarrassment is to retain the emotions that are inside of me.

"You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far from extinct volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over it is because you are not high enough to see into the basin and see the caldron boil. Because, truly, gentlemen, in the position which I occupy there is a sort of—I do not know how else to express it than to say—passionate sense of being connected with my fellow men in a peculiar relationship of responsibility of office, but God knows there are enough things in this world that need to be corrected.

Fear He'll Disappoint People.

"I have mixed first and last with all sorts and conditions of men—there are mighty few kinds of men that have to be described to me, and there are mighty few kinds of experiences that have to be described to me—and when I think of the number of men who are looking to me as the representative of a party, with the hope for all varieties of salvation from the things they are struggling in the midst of, it makes me tremble.

"It makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunders.

"If you just calculated the number of blunders a fellow can make in 24 hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling that I have.

Always Eager to Get Advice.

"I was amused the other day at a remark that Senator Newlands made. I had read him the trust message that I was to deliver to congress some ten days before I delivered it, and I never stop 'doctoring' things of that kind until the day I have to deliver them.

"When he heard it read to congress he said: 'I think it was better than it was when you read it to me.' I said: 'Senator, there is one thing which I do not think you understand. I not only use all the brains I have, but all I can borrow, and I have borrowed a lot since I read it to you first.'

"That, I dare say, is what gives the impression of circumspectness. I am listening; I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable in order that I may not make more errors than it is inevitable that a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I suppose I must be some kind of a mask to conceal it.

Often Feels He's Masquerading.

"I really feel sometimes as if I were masquerading when I catch a picture of myself in some printed description. In between things that I have to do as a public officer I never think of myself as the president of the United States because I never have had any sense of being identified with that office. I feel like a person appointed for a certain length of time to administer that office, and I feel just as much outside of it at this moment as I did before I was elected to it. I feel just as much outside of it as I still feel outside of the government of the United States.

"No man could imagine himself the government of the United States; but he could understand that some part of his fellow citizens had told him to go and run a certain part of it the best he knew how.

"That would not make him the government itself or the thing itself. It would just make him responsible for running it the best he knew how.

Office So Great; Man So Small.

"The machine is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than himself; the office is so much greater than he can ever be, and the most he can do is to look grave enough and self-possessed enough to seem to fill it.

"I can hardly refrain every now and again from tipping the public the wink, as much as to say, 'It is only me that is inside this thing. I know that I will have to get out presently. I know that then I will look just my own proper size, and that for the time being the proportions are somewhat refracted and misrepresented to the eye by the large thing I am inside of, from which I am tipping you this wink.'

"For example, take matters of this sort. I will not say whether it is wise or unwise; simple or grave, but certain precedents have been established that in certain companies the president must leave the room first and people must give way to him. They must not sit down if he is standing up.

Finds Customs Embarrassing.

"It is a very uncomfortable thing to have to think of all the other people every time I get up and sit down, and all that sort of thing. So when I get guests in my own house and the public is shut out, I adjourn being president and take leave to be a gentleman. If they draw back and insist upon my doing something first I firmly decline.

"There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another that I am president of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender, and chase him all over—preferably any continent but this—because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me.

"The postoffices and many other things which stir reminiscences have 'sicklied them o'er with a pale cast of thought.' There are postoffices to which I wouldn't think of mailing a letter, which I can't think of without trembling with the knowledge of the heartburnings of the struggle there was in connection with getting somebody installed as postmaster.

Knows Little of Capital Sights.

"Now, if I were free, I would come not infrequently up to these rooms. You know I never was in Washington but a very few hours until I came last year and I never expect to see the inside of the public buildings in Washington until my term is over.

"The minute I turn up anywhere, I am personally conducted to beat the band. The curator, and the assistant curators, and every other blooming official turns up, and they show me so much attention that I don't see the building. I would have to say, 'Stand aside and let me see what you are showing me.'

"Some day, after I am through with this office, I am going to come back to Washington and see it. In the meantime, I am in the same category as the National museum, the monument, the Smithsonian institution, or the Congressional library, and everything that comes down here has to be shown the president.

"If I only knew an exhibition appearance to assume—apparently other appearances that do not show what is going on inside—I would like to have it pointed out, so that I could practise it before the looking glass and see if I could not look like the monument.

"Being regarded as a national exhibit, it would be much simpler than being shaken hands with by the whole United States. And yet, even that is interesting to me, simply because I like human beings.

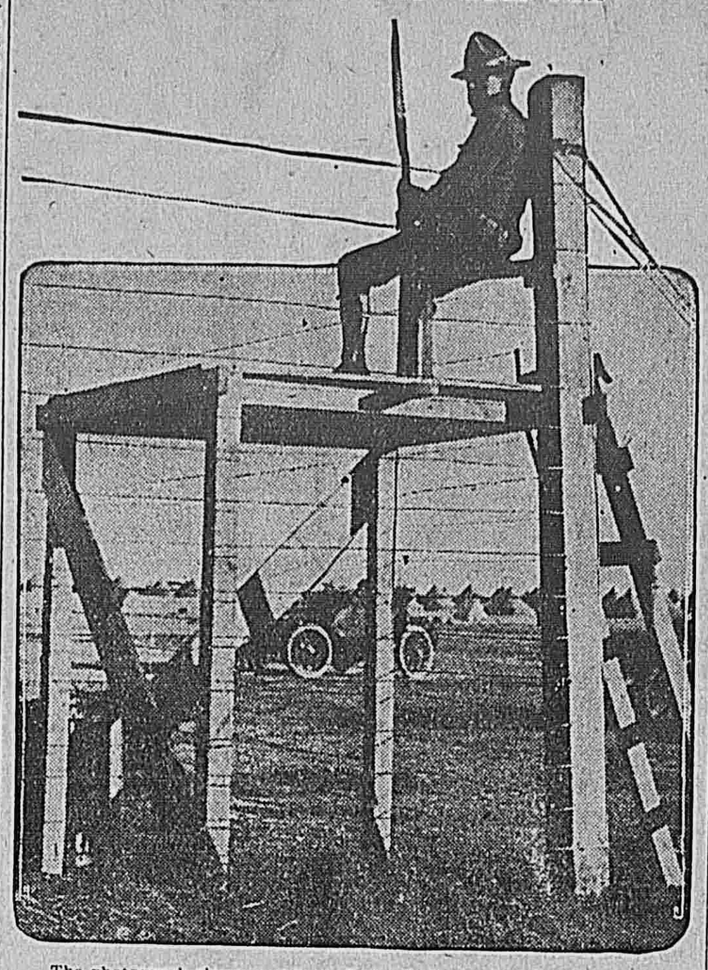
"It is a pretty poor crowd that does not interest you. I think they would have to be all members of that class that devotes itself to 'expense regardless of pleasure' in order to be entirely uninteresting. These look so much alike—spend their time trying to look so much alike—and so relieve themselves of all responsibility of thought—that they are very monotonous indeed to look at! whereas a crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot—a job lot of real human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires.

Plain Citizen, His Ambition.

"It would be a great pleasure if, unserved and unattended, I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to be knocked around all my life; if I could resort to any delightful quarter, to any place in Washington that I chose. I have sometimes thought of going to some costumer—some theatrical costumer—and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, coloring, and all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law. You see, I have a scruple as president against breaking the law and disguising one's self is against the law.

"But if I could disguise myself and not get caught I would go out, be a free American citizen once more, and have a jolly time. I might then meet some of you gentlemen and actually tell you what I really thought."

ON GUARD AT THE "BULL PEN"



The photograph shows a corner of the "bull pen" at El Paso, Tex., where the captured Mexican rebels and federals are being held by the United States soldiers.

SURROUND TORREON

FEDERAL OUTPOSTS DRIVEN BEHIND MAIN FORTIFICATIONS—REBELS OCCUPY TOWN.

HUERTA'S MEN ARE ROUTED

Washington Government Still Holds to Its Policy—Believes Impending Battle Will Settle Prestige of General Huerta.

Bermejillo, Durango, Mex., March 24.—Francisco Villa, the rebel chief, left Sunday for the south, after having cleared the way for a direct attack on Torreon by his success on Saturday in establishing a base here and driving in the federal advance guards from Mapimi, Tlahualilo, Sacramento, Noe, Brittingham Junction and smaller points in the environs of the Huerta stronghold.

The zigzag front of khaki-clad rebels, including the Indians who offered their services and those of their bows and arrows at Chihuahua a month ago, who have been given modern uniforms and arms, was nearest the enemy at Brittingham Junction, only seven miles north of Torreon.

Before leaving for the front General Villa said he doubted whether the federals would make further resistance until his assault on their main position takes place, although there were rumors that the enemy would make a show of resistance at Gomez Palacio.

The first important move of the week just passed took place when General Villa having appeared suddenly from Chihuahua, set his troops in motion Friday morning from Yermo, about one hundred miles north of Torreon.

Fifteen miles north of this city he came upon a strong advance column of the federals, who are believed to have been under orders to retreat upon appearance of the enemy. The appearance of the rebels was so sudden, however, that the retreat became almost a rout.

Washington, March 24.—Although full reports of the conference at Vera Cruz between John Lind and Senor Portillo y Rojas, minister of foreign affairs in the Huerta cabinet, have been received here, the disposition of the American government is to make no changes in its policy toward Mexico or express itself on any of the new proposals reported to have been made until after the battle of Torreon is fought.

Settlement Worker Not Guilty.

Chicago, March 23.—Miss Ellen Gates Starr, one of the founders of Hull house, was acquitted of a charge of inciting a riot. She was tried before a jury for having aided striking waitresses in a demonstration in front of Henrici's restaurant, which the police alleged was a riot.

Officer Slain by Bandit.

St. Louis, March 24.—Dave Whittley, a highwayman who shot and killed Patrolman W. E. Shalher, is dying at the City hospital from a wound he inflicted on himself. Whittley's companion, David O'Connor, confessed.

Plot to Ditch Train.

Chicago, March 24.—Evidence found by detectives investigating the wreck of the "Olympian Special" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, shows that it was planned to ditch the train at the risk of killing scores.

SUFFRAGE BILL HIT

SENATE VOTES DOWN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Women Fail to Get Two-Thirds Needed to Pass Measure in Upper House.

Washington, March 21.—Woman suffrage advocates lost their fight Thursday in the United States senate for a resolution proposing an amendment to the federal constitution giving women the ballot. The vote was 35 for the measure to 34 against it, a two-third affirmative vote being required for passage.

The amendment offered by Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, which provided in effect for the repeal of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution, was defeated, 48 to 19. The amendment to the joint resolution offered by Senator Williams of Mississippi, which provided that only white women should enjoy the right of suffrage, was lost, 44 to 21.

Immediately after the vote was taken Senator Shafroth of Colorado announced that he would offer an amendment providing that whenever five per cent of the voters of any state petitioned for the question of woman suffrage to be submitted to the voters the question should be so submitted, in lieu of an amendment to the state constitution.

The proposed Shafroth amendment embodied the plan which has been advocated by the National Association for Woman Suffrage through its congressional committee here.

Senator Ollie James of Kentucky asserted that his state had had one limited experience of woman suffrage in a local school election. He said on that occasion ten negro women voted for every white woman.

TRAIN ROBBED OF $14,000

Lone Bandit Stops Santa Fe Train Near Beaumont, Tex., and Escapes With Large Sum.

Beaumont, Tex., March 20.—A lone robber held up the express messenger on a Santa Fe railroad train near here on Wednesday and is reported to have secured $14,000. The robbery occurred on north-bound train No. 202, at Helbig, 14 miles north of here.

Deputy sheriffs and policemen from Beaumont started in pursuit of the robber, who was said to have disappeared in a thickly wooded country. The train left here at 12:15 p. m. The $14,000 was being sent by a Beaumont lumber company to Browndell, Tex., for pay roll use.

Goethals Names Major Boggs.

Washington, March 21.—Col. George W. Goethals has selected for head of the purchasing department of the new Panama canal government Maj. F. C. Boggs.

Kill Assailant of Woman.

Clanton, Ala., March 24.—While state troops were hurrying, Charles Young, a negro, was taken away from a sheriff's posse by a mob and lynched. He was accused of attacking an aged white woman.

Earth Tremors Recorded.

Mobile, Ala., March 24.—Earth tremors, which experts said indicated disturbances in Central America, 1,250 miles away, were registered on Saturday by the seismograph at Springhill college here.

THREE DEAD IN FIRE

MAN PLUNGES FROM BURNING BUILDING AND BADLY HURT.

Windsor Hotel and Western Newspaper Union Structure Burned to the Ground.

Detroit, Mich., March 21.—Fire which started on Thursday in the five-story building occupied by the Houghton-Detroit Elevator company on Woodbridge street, in the downtown district, is believed to have resulted in the death of three men who were working on the fifth floor. Four men were employed on that floor. One escaped through a skylight. He was badly burned and cut and could give no information concerning the fate of his companions. The elevator company's building was destroyed and the flames spread to an adjoining structure.

An unidentified body was taken from the building as soon as the fire died down and the firemen believed two more bodies would be found in the ruins. The missing men are Walter Libby, John Law and Frank Todd. The origin of the fire has not been determined.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 21.—The Windsor hotel and the Western Newspaper Union building, which housed the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, one of the oldest newspapers in the state, were destroyed by fire on Thursday with a loss estimated at $350,000.

The Western Newspaper Union's loss is estimated at $40,000 and that of the Milwaukee Printers' Roller company $20,000. The loss on the hotel building is placed at $40,000.

Other losses through smoke and water were sustained by the Standard Blank Book Manufacturing company, the Milwaukee Novelty Dye works and the warehouse of the T. A. Chapman Dry Goods company.

Sidney, Ohio, March 21.—Four large business buildings were burned to the ground and four others badly damaged by the worst fire that ever visited this city. The loss is estimated at $400,000 to $500,000.

FLASHES OFF THE WIRE

New York, March 21.—Some estimate of what the snowstorms cost the city of New York was had when the street cleaning commission announced that $2,400,000 had been spent and that another $100,000 would be expended.

Redding, Cal., March 23.—Given their first meal in 48 hours, 120 unemployed men, who seized a freight train here started on foot for the Oregon line. Officials of Shasta county agreed that they should be fed at stations 20 miles apart.

Toledo, O., March 23. — Samuel Riggs, a porter, was killed, and furniture valued at $50,000 owned by a department store, together with 24 automobiles, was destroyed in a fire.

New York, March 23.—Ex-Senator William A. Clark of Montana was one of a crowd of pedestrians that narrowly escaped injury or death when a derrick and 14-ton girder fell at the new building of the Equitable Life Assurance society. One workman was killed and three injured.

New York, March 23.—The wedding of Miss Margaret Elise Oliver, daughter of Charles K. Oliver, to E. Burton Holmes, the lecturer, took place in St. Stephen's Episcopal church.

WILSON FILLS MOORE'S PLACE

New Yorker Named Counselor of State Department—Cone Johnson Solicitor in Place of J. W. Folk.

Washington, March 23.—Robert Lansing of New York was nominated on Friday by President Wilson to be counselor of the state department to succeed John Bassett Moore. Cone Johnson of Texas was nominated by the president to be solicitor of the state department, succeeding Joseph W. Folk, who recently resigned to become chief counsel to the interstate commerce commission. Robert Lansing is fifty years of age and has served the government in a number of important legal capacities. He was associate counsel for the United States for the Bering sea arbitration in 1892 and was solicitor for the United States for the Alaskan boundary tribunal in 1903. He was counsel for the North Atlantic coast fisheries arbitration at The Hague in 1909.

O'SHAUGHNESSY MAY RESIGN

American Charge D'Affaires at Mexico City Expected to Quit Owing to Ill Health.

Mexico City, March 23.—Mr. O'Shaughnessy, American charge d'affaires, said he was considering resigning. He says that if he does it will be because of his bad health.

Well Known Chicago Banker Dies.

Chicago, March 24.—Byron L. Smith, president of the Northern Trust company and leader in the group of men who financed and built the Chicago of today, died at his home, 2140 Prairie avenue. He was sixty-one years old.

Longworth Asks Seat Again.

Cincinnati, March 24.—Former Congressman Nicholas Longworth announced himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress in the First Ohio district. Longworth was defeated for re-eletcion in 1913.

SEEK ULSTER CHIEFS

BRITISH SOLDIERS TOLD TO ARREST 200 LEADERS OF REVOLT IN IRELAND.

CRISIS IN THE KING'S ARMY

Many Officers Resign to Avoid Military Service in North of Ireland—All Face Courts-Martial—Troops Are Being Moved to Scene.

London, March 24.—Gen. Sir Arthur paget visited Currah on Saturday and gave General Gough of the Third cavalry brigade the option of taking command at Ulster or retiring, according to the Sunday Observer here. General Gough, who was allowed two hours for consideration, resigned immediately. The Observer says also that the government has decided to issue 200 warrants for the arerst of the leaders in Ulster.

The government's military precautions to preserve order in Ulster precipitated a crisis without parallel in the history of the British army. Rather than be placed in a position where they might be called on to act against the Ulster covenanters, numerous officers resigned their commissions.

While the war office refused to say how many had resigned, popular belief, based on reports from the different regiments, was that the number of withdrawals had crippled the whole military organization in Ireland and prevented carrying out the orders for moving several large bodies of troops.

The Marquis of Londonderry, one of the Ulster leaders, said that nothing of the sort had occurred in the British army since the days of the American revolution.

The entrance of King George on the scene as peacemaker was the dramatic event of the day. He had long conferences with the prime minister, Mr. Asquith; the secretary of state for war, Colonel Seely, and several high officers, and afterward summoned Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who had been criticized by the liberals for utterances which they construed as encouragement to the officers to refuse to obey orders.

Meantime the movement of troops continued in Ireland. The center of interest shifted to Curragh, 25 miles from Dublin, where the Third cavalry brigade under General Gough and the Fourteenth infantry brigade under Colonel Rolt were stationed.

A Dublin dispatch said that the resignation from the Curragh forces numbered 40. Other advices placed the number at 100.

Many rumors were afloat throughout the day. Among those published and denied were reports that the government had issued an ultimatum to the officers giving them 12 hours to decide whether to obey orders and that two companies of the Dorsetshire regiment in Belfast had thrown down their arms in mutiny.

A Dublin message to a London press association said that the officers who refused to obey orders would be arrested.

The old town hall of Belfast, which is the official headquarters of the "provisional government," has been denied to all.

Ulster presents a martial aspect. All the towns were occupied by soldiers of the regular army, and other detachments were marching along the country roads with long trains of baggage and ammunition carts, on their way to strengthen the various garrisons. Belfast lough also displayed considerable activity. Two torpedo boat destroyers, the Pathfinder and the Attentive, arrived there from Kingstown.

ROOSEVELT NEAR TO DEATH

Telegram Sent by One of Expedition Cables Relatives of Loss of Equipment.

New York, March 23.—The following telegram from Santarem, Brazil, was received here from the Roosevelt expedition:

"We have lost everything in the rapids (presumably rapids of a tributary of the Amazon river). Telephone my wife of my safety.

"ANTHONY FIALA."

Anthony Fiala, the well-known arctic explorer and resident of Brooklyn, who sent the above message, is one of the members of the party of Colonel Roosevelt which plunged into the unexplored wilds of central Brazil about nine days ago, expecting to reach manaos.

Inquiries showed that the Roosevelt family had heard nothing yet from the colonel concerning the mishap to the expedition or his own situation. It need not be inferred from this fact that the colonel has sustained any personal injurey. On the contrary, Mr. Fiala's silence on the subject indicates that the colonel is safe, and that the loss is confined to the equipment.

Plant Burns With $200,000 Loss.

Buffalo, March 23.—Fire destroyed the J. W. Clement printing and binding plant on Exchange street. One hundred and fifty girl employes made their way out by fire escapes. The damage was estimated at $200,000.

Police Heads Under Indictment.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 28.—Dr U. G. Crandell, president, and Joseph I. McDonald, manager of the board of police commissioners, were indicted by the grand jury here. Crandell is charged with oppression in office.



(By courtesy of Senator Cunningham of Ohio.)
Modest Home of the Secretary-Treasurer of a Reiffeson Bank.

Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATTHEW S. DUDGEON.

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

AMERICAN BANKER HAS SOMETHING TO LEARN

Berlin, Germany.—"Some of us rubes are laughing a little at the bankers," said a successful farmer to us before we left the states. "We have actually farmed successfully for years, have studied farming in agricultural colleges. We think we know our business fairly well. It's certainly funny to read speeches by bankers telling us how to farm. I have come to the conclusion that the bankers know so little about farm loans that they would do better to study and discuss their own business than to try to teach us ours." And we have concluded that there is some force in what the farmer says.

The American Bankers' association and thirty state bank associations are actively promoting agricultural advancement. The work undertaken by them includes soil surveys, experiments with fertilizers, hiring experts to make practical demonstration upon the farm, education in road matters, and so on indefinitely. The bankers are duplicating what the federal agricultural department is doing, what every agricultural college is doing, and what every farmer's institute is doing. They are going into the field of production which is important but which after all is one in which the farmer remarked, "one is led to think that the bankers of the country have unanimously concluded that they know their own business so thoroughly that their elevating educational instincts can get opportunity for expression only by doing missionary work among us lowly farmers and elevating this ignorant class to their own high plane of intelligence."

Worst Banking for Farmers.

We have been going through Europe accompanied by agricultural experts. We have talked with leaders in agriculture in several countries. We have read bulletins and books galore on agricultural methods abroad. We consulted government specialists. We have seen and heard and studied about all the most scientific up-to-date farming methods. But neither the experts with us nor we ourselves have been able to recall a single idea on agricultural production that is not being more or less widely worked out in America by these lowly farmers whom the bankers are so benevolently and condescendingly instructing. On the other hand so far as we can discover the United States is the only country in the civilized world where banking methods have not been in any degree adjusted to the needs of the farmer. Sometimes over here in Europe the joint stock bank does the work. More often it is a co-operative credit bank that loans to farmers.

But some bank stands ready to meet the farmers' needs everywhere, except in the United States. In America, as nowhere else, the banker takes the terms calculated to accommodate the city merchant and financiers and inflicts them upon the protesting farmer. Sixty and ninety day loans are just what are needed in the city, but they are of no possible use to the farmer. A merchant or commission man gets his returns promptly and can meet ninety day paper at maturity. But the farmer cannot buy calves or pigs and fatten them, market them, and get returns short of a much longer period. The rural borrower who invests the borrowed money in seeds or fertilizers cannot hope to realize upon his investment short of six or eight months. It is not so much a question of interest as of terms and methods. In many localities interest rates are fair. In some places interest on farm loans is too high. But it is true everywhere in America that the bankers stubbornly refuse to the farmer the sort of loans which he needs. And the banker who sits behind the cashier's desk writing speeches about better farming drops his facile pen long enough to crowd down the throat of some farmer patron who should have an eight months loan, a three months loan, which is as apt to cripple as to help him.

How the man on the farm can borrow money advantageously and economically is an important question. It may not be so important as good marketing but it is important enough. His loan should be on terms which meet his occupation and his financial resources. If he cannot get these terms from his banker he will naturally try to get them elsewhere. The question is will the banker force him to seek loans elsewhere, or will he meet the needs of the farmer. There is little doubt that the banker could give longer time on safe personal paper. There is little doubt that he could arrange for long time real estate mortgages. When a farmer borrows to buy a farm and gives a mortgage for the loan there is no reason why it should not be a long time amortization mortgage permitting repayment in annual or semi-annual payments extending over ten, twelve or twenty years.

Gilt Edge Security.

A good first mortgage on real estate running for a considerable period of time is recognized the world over as a gilt edged loan. Financiers are accustomed to advise it as the safest investment for trustees, widows and others who are not able to pass upon the character of miscellaneous investments.

The president of one of the great life insurance companies makes the statement that his company in its history of forty-six years has loaned $133,838,549.44 to 75,102 farmers, secured by mortgage on 11,462,363 acres, the average loan being $1,782. The net loss after paying all costs, fees, assessments and penalty interest rates was fourteen-hundredths of one per cent. This is substantially the history of all properly organized farm land mortgage business. Some $600,000,000 in farm mortgages are carried by our life insurance companies—an amount equal to 35 per cent. of the total farm mortgages shown by the census.

If a farm loan for three years is a good loan, one for ten or fifteen or twenty years is good, too, but no American bank makes these long loans. Why? We have never been able to get any adequate answer to this question. The general response is an unsatisfactory one, "It isn't good banking to make such long farm loans," which is another way of saying what we have said before, that the city banker will not meet the needs of the farmer borrower.

There seems to be therefore no reason why this fact that a long time farm loan is a gilt edged loan should not be taken into account in fixing the interest. It is not possible that the interest on these loans should be near the rate which is received upon bonds, either municipal or industrial. The city banker will investigate fully the integrity and earning capacity of every factory that wants a loan. Is there any reason why the American banker should not put himself in a position to investigate the honesty and earning capacity of the farmer who needs money, thus permitting him to capitalize his character as do bankers abroad? On the whole after looking over the situation at home and abroad it is not surprising that the farmer sometimes suggests that bankers might well study their own activities rather than to be butting in upon the farmer's business.

Over here in Germany the bankers were formerly as slow as those of America are now to meet this demand for rural credit. So co-operative credit came and it came to stay. It does the work and it does it well. The question that is up in America is simply a question as to whether or not the American banker is going to insist that the American farmer solve his own difficulties or whether he, the banker is going to solve it for him and be his financial backer.

Mortgage Loans in Germany.

A co-operative loan on long mortgages is no new experiment. One hundred and forty years ago the Landschaften were organized in Prussia. A war like period culminating in the Seven Years' War had reduced the greater part of Prussia to a pitiable state of devastation. The owners of large estates which had borne the brunt of the war charges were poverty stricken. Hence in 1769 Frederick II issued a royal decree enabling these owners of large landed estates to secure capital necessary to revive their agricultural interests by joining together in securing a co-operative loan. While at first these loans were granted to only the owners of the large estate this system was afterwards adapted so that the smaller land owner could profit by it. The owner who wishes to secure a loan gives a mortgage to the association. He is required to pay interest at the rate of from three and a half to four per cent. and may borrow up to two-thirds of the value of his farm. This valuation is arrived at by capitalizing the income which he can get off from it.

It is characteristic of European finance that the farm values are fixed largely by consideration of the actual earning capacity of each farm. Apparently the price which a neighboring farm may bring has little to do with the value which is placed upon any particular farm. The theory is and it seems to be sound, that the value of the farm is not so much where it lies as it is what will it earn.

When the association has a group of these mortgages it pledges them by a trust deed, and issues a series of bonds secured by the pledge of the mortgages. These bonds are then sold and usually bear an interest of from three to three and one-half per cent. The association not only pledges the association itself so that in a sense every member of the association is back of the bonds. These bonds have always brought a good price even in the most difficult times financially.

The mortgage given by the land owner is not due at the end of a certain number of years, at which time the entire principal must be paid as are American farm mortgages. Instead they run for from twenty to sixty years with an agreement incorporated into the mortgage that each year the farmer shall pay a certain sum of money which shall include interest and a small installment upon the principal. In this way the mortgagor gradually pays off his mortgage paying little more than the amount which would in America be required as interest alone. The chief advantage to the farmer is in this fact that he is allowed to pay off the loan by making small annual or semi-annual payments. Other advantages are that he will never have to renew the mortgage which will continue to run until the payments have cleared the farm of the debt; he will never be compelled to pay any renewal commission, and will never have to go to the expense of bringing down his title or having it examined every two years, as is done under our American system.

Reiffeson and Schulze-Delitzsch.

The Reiffeson and Schulze-Delitzsch banks are smaller community institutions, organized upon the co-operative plan, and are not operated for profit to the investor. Reiffeson banks operate more particularly in the country while the Schulze-Delitzsch banks operate largely in urban communities. The Reiffeson is the most purely co-operative. While the Reiffeson banks loan money for a long period of time they do not generally loan for so long a period of time as do the Landschaften. They receive deposits from their members, paying them interest as do savings banks. The one at Cassel, Germany, which can be taken as a fair representative of its type charges 6½ per cent. on short time loans. They pay 4¾ per cent. on deposits, which are left with them for an agreed long period of time, and 4 per cent. on deposits left for a shorter time. It is found, however, that the rate of interest varies in different places. Since these banks must meet the competition of the joint stock and savings banks in each community. They generally are able to compete successfully for the reason their expenses are very light, their officers usually serving without salary and since they do not wish to make any large profits to pay off any investors as do the other banks.

Go Slow.

The best rural credit system in the world, if actually in operation would not prove a cure-all for our present rural ailments. It would not get you anywhere. The farmer who has negotiated a loan upon the most favorable terms has made no actual advance. He is just where he was before. If I am running a losing business the more money I borrow the worse off I am. If I am not producing a good product which I can market readily and profitably, the less I put into my business the better. Rural credit without good farming and good marketing is a delusion and a snare. Easily obtained loans are no substitutes for brains and business sense and a marketing system.

Rural credit can do just one thing. It can enable a man to get possession of a farm and the equipment with which to farm. If the farming business into which the loan launches him is not a paying business the loan has simply injured him by getting him into a losing venture. I said a loan will enable him to get possession of a farm and equipment. This possession is temporary and will be of no permanent advantage unless he makes the land and equipment his own by repaying the loan and of his honest and hard won earning. After all it is rural earnings which spell success and good marketing conditions whether co-operative or otherwise are an absolute essential.

U.S. MEN RETURN FIRE

FEDERALS SHOOT OVER THE BORDER AND AMERICANS KILL SIX OF THEM.

TORREON BATTLE IS ON

Rebels Shell City and Outposts Are Captured After Fight That Lasts Throughout the Day.

Eagle Pass, Tex., March 25.—American soldiers and Mexican federals engaged in a battle on Monday at McGee Crossing, three miles above Del Rio, on the Rio Grande, in which several federal soldiers are reported killed. A patrol from F troop of the Fourteenth cavalry returned the fire of the Mexicans across the Rio Grande and for ten minutes the shooting continued. One of the Americans was injured.

Forty constitutionalist soldiers had been cut off by the federals on the river bank. After fighting for nearly half an hour, the constitutionalists tried to cross the river and surrender to the American troops. The federals continued firing at the constitutionalists in the water and even after they had reached the American bank and surrendered.

The commander of the American cavalrymen signaled repeatedly for the federals to cease firing, but his signals were disregarded. Finally he ordered his men to return the fire.

A number of federals were carried away after the firing ceased. Colonel Sibley has ordered one troop of cavalry from Fort Clark and the machine-gun platoon from Eagle Pass to proceed to Del Rio.

Officials at Washington approved the action taken by the United States troops on the border.

Juarez, Mex., March 25.—Gen. Manuel Chao announced that he had received a message from General Villa on Monday stating that the general attack on Torreon had begun and that he expected to be in possession of Gomez Palacio, four miles from the center of the city, by nightfall.

El Paso, Tex., March 25.—Hugh L. Scott, commanding the United States troops here, has received information from Del Rio, Tex., to the effect that Mexican federals fired on the United States cavalry stationed there. The troopers, according to the report, returned the fire, killing six Mexican soldiers.

Bermajillo, Mexico, March 25.—The long-expected battle of Torreon is on. General Villa's big guns on Monday began the bombardment of the Mexican federals' stronghold, hurling shells into Gomez Palacio and the suburbs of Torreon.

All the northern outposts of Torreon, with the exception of Gomez Palacio and Lerdo, were captured by General Villa in a daring attack that brought the constitutionalist army within nine miles of the beleaguered city.

The constitutionalists have been successful in every skirmish with the federal outposts. More than one hundred federals have been killed, while Villa declares his own command has lost only a few wounded.

Brownsville, Tex., March 25.—A battle between constitutionalists and federals was reported in progress at Mier, Mex., opposite the Texas border, about one hundred miles northwest of Laredo. This report came from constitutionalist officials at Matamoras, opposite here.

NOTED EDUCATOR SLAYS SELF

Ex-Prof. H. T. Peck of Columbia Faced Suit by Woman—Divorced Wife Nursed Him.

Stamford, Conn., March 25.—Harry Thurston Peck, a former professor at Columbia university, committed suicide on Monday at a rooming house here by shooting in the head with a revolver. Doctor Peck was a writer of note and for 28 years was professor of ancient languages at Columbia. He left the institution more than three years ago in consequence of unpleasant notoriety incident to a breach of promise suit for $50,000 brought against him by Esther Qunn, a stenographer. In March, 1912, Miss Quinn's suit was dismissed as insufficient. Later she filed another action, which was pending at the time of his death. Doctor Peck dropped out of sight after his retirement from Columbia and did not come before the public eye until April of last year, when he became critically ill at Ithaca, N. Y., suffering with a nervous breakdown. His life was despaired of until his divorced wife, Cornelia D. Peck, went to the hospital and administered to him.

The second Mrs. Peck found no objection to the ministrations of the divorced wife; in fact, both worked together for the professor's recovery.

Signs Treaty With Venezuela.

Washington, March 25.—A new treaty has been signed between the U. S. and Venezuela, by which all questions not capable of settlement by diplomacy shall be submitted to investigation by an international commission.

Launch Big U. S. Warship.

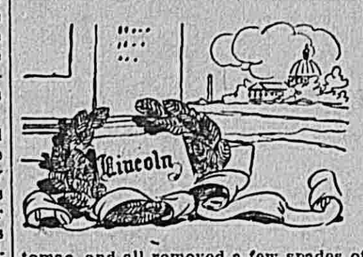
Philadelphia, Pa., March 25.—The dreadnought Oklahoma, launched from the yard of the New York Shipbuilding company at Camden, N. J., will be one of the largest and most powerful ships that has yet been floated for the U. S.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Ground Broken for the Great Lincoln Memorial

WASHINGTON.—Ground was broken February 12 for the great memorial which is to be erected in Washington to Lincoln. As would have pleased the great president, the utmost simplicity marked the breaking of the ground.



The day was the one hundred and fifth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. There was no blare of trumpets, no pounding of drums and no burst of artillery salutes. The resident members of the Lincoln memorial commission, accompanied by Henry Bacon, designer of the memorial; M. F. Comer, Toledo, O., the contractor, and Col. W. W. Hart, engineer commissioner in charge of public buildings and grounds, met on the spot down on the "made" ground by the Potomac, and all removed a few spades of earth, and that was all the rites there were.

Of course, there were camera fiends and representatives of all great moving picture firms in the country, making films of the epoch-making incident. It was a freezing day, with a biting wind, but everybody stood with bared heads as the first few spadefuls of earth were turned. There were a few men and women of the common people, whom Lincoln loved, there to see the performance, but only a few—probably not over 20 in all.

Before beginning to turn the earth, former United States Senator Blackburn, who has been appointed chairman of the commission in place of the late Senator Cullom, made a short speech, opening the exercises.

"This great memorial will show that Lincoln is now regarded as the greatest of all Americans," said Senator Blackburn, "and he is so held by the South as well as by the North. Today we let the country know that this great work has been begun and will be carried on steadily until its completion."

The site is on the direct line with the monument to Washington and the capitol and within easy view of the gates of Arlington, which it is planned to connect with the memorial by a memorial bridge.

Government Clerks Just as Selfish as Others

GOVERNMENT clerks are just as selfish as any other body of people that can be got together. They have been howling for years for a retirement law, which will make provisions for retirement at a certain age on one-half or two-thirds of their salary, and the same organization which is known as the "Retirement association" is demanding increased salaries all along the line. The pure selfishness of this United States Civil Service association shows in the fact that the clerks are unable to get together on any one suggestion for retirement. Scores of the younger clerks object to the monthly assessment plan for the purpose of securing an endowment fund on which aged clerks may be retired.



Youth is always hopeful, and these younger clerks think that they will leave the government service long before the retirement age is reached, and then all the money that had been automatically taken from their monthly salaries would be lost to them. And they are strenuously opposed—these younger clerks are—to supporting in idleness any of the aged clerks, who could be immediately retired on part pay if such an endowment fund was established. Their selfishness is really what is retarding the passage of the retirement bill.

One of the finest examples of what may be accomplished without feeling any real loss of salary is shown in the United States Soldiers' home. This home, established in General Scott's time, just after the Mexican war, by an indemnity fund from Mexico, which nobody knew what to do with, is today the most magnificent piece of property in the District of Columbia. It can shelter over 5,000 men without crowding. It has magnificent white marble buildings with marble floors and walls, white marble auditorium and theater, a magnificent library building, a just as magnificent administration building, with a most beautiful cottage for the administration officials, great conservatories and herds of the very finest milch cows—in fact, everything on earth that the heart can wish for, and all done by simply reserving a small sum of 12 cents a month from every enlisted man's pay.

Few Holidays Observed in City of Washington

BE it known that in the District of Columbia mighty few of the patriotic holidays are observed. For instance, congress sits on Memorial day, just exactly as though it were a common, ordinary day, and observes Washington's birthday by some senator reading out Washington's farewell address, while of the birthdays of McKinley and Lincoln absolutely no record is usually made. The Fourth of July, if congress is in session, and June 14 suffer the same neglect.



Secretary of War Garrison, however, taking it for granted that Lincoln's birthday would be a holiday the same as in New Jersey and New York, did not go down to his office in the war department at all, so his secretary called up Mr. Garrison's home to inquire where the secretary of war might be. Mrs. Garrison informed Mr. Garrison's secretary that her husband had gone to New York to address a meeting of the Old Colony club. "Mr. Garrison thought that he might just as well take advantage of the holiday today and make this address," added the wife of the secretary of war.

And those who have been a long time in Washington had a great laugh on Secretary Garrison when he returned to the city to be told that February 12 is not a holiday in the District of Columbia. There are a great many other things that Secretary Garrison might learn of the lack of patriotism of congress and in the District of Columbia.

Light Gray Is Most Inconspicuous for Soldiers

WHAT color can be seen the farthest? What is the most conspicuous color? Experiments to answer these questions have been made by the war department to determine the color best suited for a soldier's uniform. The experiment proved few people realize the difference colors can make or their real relation to one another.



The ideal soldier's costume is one that soon fades into the background, and that does not show at all from a distance, making it invisible to the enemy. In order to prove the relative conspicuousness of colors, 12 soldiers were dressed in colored uniforms and ordered to march off, while a group of officers and color experts remained behind to take notes on the uniforms. Two of the 12 soldiers were clad in light gray, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue, two in scarlet, and two in tan, as these are the colors most fitted for uniforms.

The first to disappear were the light gray. The next two were the tan. The next, surprising as it may seem to those who believe they know colors, were the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and green remained visible long after the other colors had disappeared.

Experiments were also made at firing at targets of various colors, with the same results. Red and blue targets were also experimented with, and it was proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance, and hit, than could red.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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Telephone Antioch 581

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914

KEEP THE MACHINERY OILED

Usefulness of Implements Is Greatly Increased and Amount of Labor Greatly Reduced.

One of the little things that is lacking on a majority of farm implements is a good and convenient system of lubrication. The common oil cup with open top or loose cap is sure to get filled with dirt and grit, which cut out the bearings, largely increasing the power required to operate the machine and greatly reducing its period of usefulness.

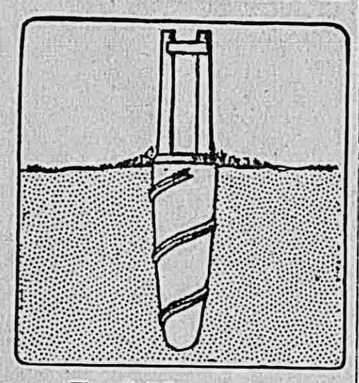
The hard oil cup, which holds enough oil to last a week or more, always is tight, and can be screwed down a little each day, thus insuring a clean bearing and a regular supply of grease. Many of the common implements could be vastly improved by replacing the common oil holes with hard oil cups.

The oil holes can easily be reamed out and threaded to the proper standard and the hard oil cups screwed into them. The amount of work and expense required will be returned many fold in the saving of horseflesh and the increased life of the machinery.

THREAD FOR CONCRETE POST

Idea Discovered Several Years Ago In Securing Telephone Poles Now Being Put to Use.

The latest way of setting concrete fence posts is to put screw threads on the lower ends of the posts and twist them into the ground just as a screw is driven into a board. Some one found several years ago if the lower end of a telephone post was pointed and a rope was coiled about it like a screw thread, the post could be screwed into soft earth easily. The same idea is now being used in a reinforced con-



Threaded Concrete Post.

crete fence post which was recently patented. When the post is molded, the lower end is tapered slightly and a spiral thread of concrete is formed as an integral part of the base. Greater lightness is secured in the post by molding the upper part in the form of three slender reinforced rods of concrete tied together with solid rings at intervals. This construction makes possible the use of a heavy club stuck through between the concrete rods to furnish a leverage for screwing the post into the ground.—Chicago Tribune.

Best Soil for Alfalfa.

Alfalfa seems to do best on sandy loam soils that have a good supply of plant food and are well drained, though it has been known to have grown in a heavy clay soil. It will do well on any soil that will produce wheat or corn. The field designed for alfalfa should be selected with the view of leaving it for several years. The plant seems to reach its prime in four years and can, as a rule, be left in a field profitably for seven or eight years. No difficulty is experienced in getting alfalfa out of a field, if it is so desired, if a field of it is plowed in midsummer and kept well cultivated.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

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LOUIS J. GURNEE Secretary

Estate of J L Tweed (decd) to Huge Miessner lot 70, Tweeds Pistakee sub deed	$1400 00
D A Williams and wf to M A Hulett lot 6, sub of lots 142 and 143, Village of Antioch w d;	300 00
C C King and wf to James Todd lots 9 and 10, Spafford's add to Antioch w d	1 00
Andrew Cooke and wf to Percival Pearce lot 2 Fisk and Lasher sub of Indian Point, Fox Lake w d	10 00
J Darby and wf to E J Leh- tract of land in sec 33, ch twp w d	10585 00
and hus to Ed- lots 9 and 10 dd to Lake	1850 00

BILLY VALADON'S SPECIAL

By C. HAUSSMAN.

"I say," cried Billy, "wait for a fellow. My remittance will be along in a couple of days and we can all go east together."

Mabel Brockman laughed. "You're twenty-nine, aren't you, Billy?" she asked irrelevantly.

"In February," assented Valadon.

"And you have to wait until your papa sends you money? I don't think you even call him 'father,' do you?"

Valadon looked hurt. "You are always at me to go to work," he frowned. "I don't see why I should have to with the governor so disgustingly rich."

"How much money have you?" she asked. Somehow her conversation this morning on the Coronado Beach was most uncertain.

"Enough to pay my bills and get up to San Francisco."

"Then you will have to wait until some one sends you the money to get home on. I don't think you are worth waiting for, Billy."

Two days later Valadon stood on the wharf at Oakland. Miss Brockman stood by the sleeper in which she and her mother were to make the trip east.

"I may see you sooner than you expect," he said with a smile.

"Having money telegraphed to you?" she asked.

"No," he answered shortly. "I have an idea that perhaps I can come east in accordance with your approved methods. I'm going to try it, anyhow."

"If you do, Bill," said the girl softly, as she mounted the steps.

"If I do, what—"

Mabel shook her head over the porter's shoulder as the train pulled out.

Valadon took the boat back to the city, but instead of returning to the hotel he went to the Barbary Coast. In one of the dives sat a party of men, rough, uncouth and with a most evident smell of the stable about them. Billy went up to their leader.

"I'm ready now," he said.

"Stow the glad rags," commanded the other, "and come back here in half an hour. We don't want silk hats around."

Before the end of the half hour the silk hat and frock coat had been metamorphosed into a cloth cap and a pea-jacket, and Billy was five dollars richer.

The leader marshaled the gang and an hour later Billy was back in Oakland, but this time in the freight-yards.

On the track before him was a train of 12 yellow cars, at the head of which panted a huge engine. Billy climbed into the third car. There was much hoarse shouting, a blast from the whistle and a jolt as the train pulled out, and the first section of the horse special was under way.

Billy's fellow passengers in the car were another hostler and 12 thoroughbreds being hurried east to the big winter sale.

Five days later a tired and dirty, but exceedingly cheerful, young man drove up to the door of the Valadon residence on Fifth avenue just as the head of that house was sitting down to his breakfast. It required an argument with a new footman to convince him that the caller was not required to go to the side entrance, but at his voice the elder Valadon came running into the hall.

"Bless my soul," he puffed after Billy had told his tale in brief. "Didn't you get my check?"

Billy thrust a paper into his hand. "It came the day I left," he said, "but it sort of spoiled the idea and I pretended that I did not get it. Now I want a bath and breakfast and then I want to see if I cannot go down to the station in time to meet the Brockmans."

The Chicago express was three hours late when it puffed into the huge arched shed, and Miss Brockman was in no amiable frame of mind as she descended to the platform. There had been delay, and six days on the train even in a stateroom is not pleasant.

For a moment she stared as a well-groomed young man possessed himself of her handbag and turned to help her mother down the steps, and it was not until they had headed for the ferry that she found her voice.

"How did you get here so quickly?" she demanded.

"I came the northern way," he explained, "and I had a special."

Miss Brockman turned away to hide her disappointment. "I might have known you would do something like that," she said coldly. "I suppose that you wired for money."

"There was a check at the hotel when I got to San Francisco," he explained wickedly. "I had it in my pocket when I said 'good-by' to you in Oakland. I thought you would like a surprise."

"It was not a surprise; it was the expected," she corrected. "I had hoped my sermon had sunk in."

He made no explanations until they were in the carriage, which had waited at Twenty-third street. Then Billy leaned forward.

"I should have explained," he began, "that the special was for the Ora ranch horses for the sale at the garden. I was a hostler and I brought the check back with me."

She leaned forward and kissed him, to the surprise of her mother.

"Billy!" she cried impulsively, "you may take that check and buy me a solitaire with it."

(Continued from page one.)

BANDIT HOLDS UP STORE

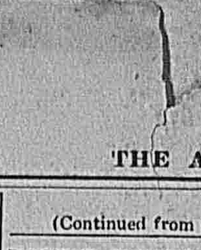
shal Limberry was searching along the tracks of the St. Paul road just west of the station, for the engineer of the way freight, had stated he recalled seeing one or two men walking along the track not far from the villlage.

She posse had separated and Cleveland and Limberry along the track near the first road west of the depot, they heard footsteps and saw a man approaching "halt" shouted the marshal, with that they heard hastily disappearing footsteps. Limberry fired into the air. In a second, a shot rang out from the fleeing man. It went wild. Limberry and Cleveland then began firing in the darkness but evidently their shots went astray for the man did not fall.

Others in the posse, hearing the shots and ran up. One of them said he saw somebody stumble over a fence, but when they searched, no trace of the men was found.

She Knew George.

"Where's your engagement ring, Margie?" "I've hid it. As long as George ain't sure he can get the ring back he won't break the engagement."



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A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. You are living in the best year, of the most wonderful age, of what is doubtless the greatest world in the universe. A resident of Mars would gladly pay—

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The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc.

"Amateur Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make Mission furniture, wireless outfits, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves.

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Chase Webb
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STATE SUPERVISION

IDLE MONEY

is that which you carry in your pocketbook or keep at home. It earns nothing and a thousand whims and petty extravagances lie in wait. You should put your money to work; it has earning power that is too valuable to lose by laying the money away or carrying it with you. We suggest that you open a Savings Account at our Bank. You will thank us later for the suggestion.

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3 PER CENT. INTEREST ON SAVINGS

SPECIMEN BALLOT

TOWN OF ANTIOCH

ELECTION TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1914

W S Rinear
TOWN CLERK.

○ POPLE'S TICKET

For Town Clerk
☐ CHAS. F. RICHARDS

For Assessor
☐ CHAS. VAN PATTEN

For Collector
☐ WALTER T. TAYLOR

For Highway Commissioner
☐ JOHN BOHRN

For Constable
☐ ERNEST HORTON

For Committeemen (Vote for Three)
☐ B. H. OVERTON
☐ FRANK HARDEN
☐ HENRY GRIMM

○ Independent Republican (By Petition)

For Town Clerk
☐ _____

For Assessor
☐ _____

For Collector
☐ N. E. PROCTOR

For Highway Commissioner
☐ _____

For Constable
☐ _____

For Committeemen
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____

○ Independent Republican (By Petition)

For Town Clerk
☐ _____

For Assessor
☐ _____

For Collector
☐ _____

For Highway Commissioner
☐ ALONZO P. LITTLE

For Constable
☐ _____

For Committeemen (Vote for Three)
☐ _____
☐ _____
☐ _____

Shall This Town Become Anti-Saloon Territory	YES	
	NO	

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Mar. 23—The committee declared butter at 26¢.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

Mrs. Gerhke is visiting relatives in Whitting, Ind.

A few bargains in work hats at Webb's. adv

For Sale—Two good cows, heavy springers. Inquire of C. S. Richards, Antioch. 2w

Miss Addie Schafer returned Monday from a two weeks visit with relatives in Burlington.

Anti-Smut practically eliminates smut from oats. Ask Hunt about it. See ad in this issue. adv

Miss Addie Schafer will open her millinery parlors next Saturday, March 28, with a new and fresh line of Easter hats.

For Sale—Team of good work horses also two nice mare colts, one harness broke. Inquire of C. A. Olin, route 2, Antioch.

Mrs. Hoge is now packing her household goods, prepartory to moving them to Fond du Lac, Wis., to live with her son, Herman.

The Second Annual dance to be given by the Ingleside Gun club, will be held on Saturday evening, April 4, at the Kaping house. Good music.

F. M. Bullock of El Paso, Ill., is the new teacher at the Antioch school who will take the place of Mr. Espy, who leaves for North Chicago the last of this week.

My eye specialist will be at my store on Saturday, April 4, from 3 p. m. to 8 p. m. If you suffer from headache, eye strain, blurred vision or any of the results of defective eyesight do not delay but call and see him. Eyes examined free. Prices reasonable. Wm. Keulman, Jeweler and Optician, Antioch, Ill. 2w

There never was a newspaper in any locality that gave absolutely all the news. It is often that a family is missed several times. They get the impression that the paper does not care to mention them or that it has a grudge against them. It is all a mistake. Do not be afraid to tell the editor you have friends visiting you. If you think the editor is showing partiality, try and see if he does not treat you as well if you give him a chance.

A public reception was given in the M. E. church Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Espey who are about to take up their residence at North Chicago, and also in honor of Mr. F. M. Bullock who come to take the place vacated by Mr. Espey. The large number present plainly showed the number of friends which the departing couple have made during their stay in our midst. While their departure is the cause of much regret their many friends are wishing them the best of success in their new location and at the same time extending the right hand of welcome to their successor.

Hunter-Haltdorf Wedding

On Wednesday, March 25, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hunter occurred the marriage of their daughter Edna Jane, to Harry L. Holtdorf. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jedele of Wilmot, in the presence of about one hundred guests.

The bride was attired in alice blue satin with white ribbon roses and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations, a present to the bride by Miss Ardis Grimm. The groom was attended by Mr. Clarence Holtdorf and Mr. Hans Olsen, while the Misses Eliza Wilton and Pearl Gerred, cousins of the bride acted as bridesmaids and were attired in gowns of white silk and blue silk.

After the ceremony and congratulations the company enjoyed a bountiful dinner to which all did ample justice. Mr. and Mrs. Holtdorf left for a week's visit with relatives at Libertyville and other places, after which they will reside at Trevor, Wis.

Many useful and beautiful presents were bestowed upon the happy couple by their large number of friends, all of whom are also extending to them most hearty congratulations.

Dilatory.

"Ain't that a lovely picture! All them beautiful angels comin' down to the pore Christian wot's got killed in the arener." "Yuss; that's wot they do—'ang about till the last minnit and git there when it's all over."

Touching.

A teacher trying to impress on her children the rightness of kindness toward all animals, took them for a walk, to bring the lesson home to them. Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?" "I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing."—Delineator.

Mrs. Chas. Thorn is quite sick.

Mrs. Jennie Sanborn spent Monday in Spring Grove.

Mrs. Frank Palmer and daughter, are visiting Chicago relatives this week.

Miss Jessie Wallace of Chicago is spending this week with Antioch relatives and friends.

Waukegan, Ingleside and Lake Villa were well represented at the debate Wednesday evening.

Mrs A. G. Watson spent several days this week with her daughter, Mrs. Loyd White in Waukegan.

O. W. Kettelhut, who recently purchased the city meat market, is repainting the interior and otherwise remodeling the place.

The Ladies Aid society will postpone their regular meeting for one week and instead of holding it on Wednesday, April 1, will hold it on Wednesday, April 8.

John Pitcher of Trever, died at his home on Tuesday, of this week, aged about 72 years. Funeral was held this Thursday afternson. Obituary later.

Gus Trieger and family of Chicago and Robt. Trieger and family of Norwood Park were called to this vicinity this week by the death of Mr. Trieger of Grass Lake.

Fish Hatchery for Spring Grove

A state fish hatchery for Spring Grove is now an assured thing, officials in the employ of the state fish and game commission having definitely decided upon that village as a suitable location and papers were drawn Tuesday for the lease by the state of about forty acres owned by the Wieland Dairy company as a site for the hatchery. The land, formerly a slough, was made into an artificial lake by the Wieland company and was flooded each fall from Nippersink creek to supply ice for the company's milk plant. The lake will be used as the main pond and smaller ponds will be made in the northwest corner of the plot for hatching purposes.

The ponds will all be fed from Nippersink creek. The state plans to dredge the lake and make it much deeper than at present. The term of the lease made with the Wieland Dairy company is for five years and at the expiration of the term the state has the privilege of extending the lease five years longer if the extension is desired.

Compliment to Nature.

"Oh, do look at that dear little lamb!" said Frances, on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life. "Isn't it pretty?" asked mamma. "Yes; and it is so natural, too. It squeaks just like a toy lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back."

HINTS FOR POTATO GROWERS

Determining Factor in Production of Maximum Crop of Tubers Is Purity of Seed Stock.

Good seed is a determining factor in the production of maximum crops of potatoes.

All tubers showing discoloration of the flesh should be rejected.

Purity of seed stock is an essential quality of good seed. Serious losses are sustained by the grower through mixtures.

A more liberal use of seed will generally result in both increased production and profit.

The use of high-grade seed would increase the returns from the potato crop of the country by many millions of dollars.

A good storage place is essential in order to insure sound, firm seed at planting time.

KEROSENE IS CHEAP REMEDY

Not Only Good Lice Killer But Often Small Dose of Oil Will Cure Cholera in Chicks.

(By J. M. MARTIN.)

If kerosene were not so common and cheap we would consider it a great poultry remedy.

I have cured my hens by the use of a small spring-bottom oil can, with which I injected a little oil into their nests.

If their heads are swelled anoint the swollen part with common vaseline. Continue this treatment about four days.

Kerosene is a good lice killer; so is hot salt brine.

Often a teaspoonful of kerosene will cure the cholera in chicks.

Bury Worthless Eggs.

As you remove the worthless eggs from the incubator when a hatch is finished, keep them in a tight box until you can bury them. Do not tempt cats and crows by throwing them out.

Care of Hen House.

Spray a light solution of carbolic acid over the walls of the hen house now and then. If one can find time to whitewash the walls, so much the better.

New spring hats at Webb's adv

Howard Newell of Burlington spent Wednesday in Antioch.

I have acomplete line of screen doors and window screens. F. J. Hunt. adv

For Sale—About 500 pounds of good June clover seed, $9.00 per bushel. Inquire of H. S. Message, Antioch.

For Sale—Two good chunk horses, 4 and 5 years old. Inquire of M. Heydenreich, Route No. 1, Antioch, Box. 5.

Mrs. Herman Wienke and daughter spent last week at her home in Genoa Junction, being called there by the serious illness of her father.

Miss Elizabeth Webb entertained about twenty five young people at an Epworth League merry-go-round Monday evening. A royal good time was had by all present.

Having just received a large shipment of Victrolas and records I will give a free concert at my store on Saturday evening from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m. All lovers of good music are urged to be present. I will also give a special cash discount of 10 per cent on all goods bought of me on that date. Wm. Keulman, Jeweler and Optician, Antioch, Ill.

Notice

My new spring and summer style book, will show you all the most up to-eate suits, coats, dresses, waists of all kinds, made-to-order or ready-made. In fact everyting in ladies' wearing apparel, including white, pale pink and blue silk princess slips. A fine line of all kinds of dress goods by the yard. Will be pleased to have you call and look them over whether you buy or not.

Mrs. A. G. Watson,

PROPER WAY TO PLOW

STRAIGHT, WELL-TURNED FURROW IS SOUGHT BY FARMER.

Very Important That Soil Be Sufficiently Moist to Pulverize Nicely—Plowed Land Readily Absorbs Rainfall.

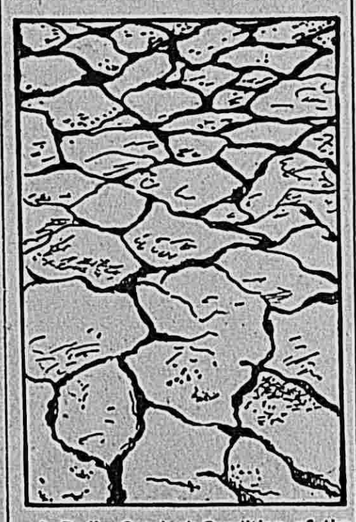
(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

The pride of every good plowman is a straight, well-turned furrow; and yet its straightness is but a small part of its merit. Its true merit is measured by its depth, the manner in which it is turned and the way in which it lies. When properly turned, it will present a loosely pulverized and completely inverted furrow-slice that leaves behind a furrow of sufficient depth, even in the bottom, and clean cut in every part.

With land that is to be put into crop soon after plowing, as in the case of spring plowing, it is very important that the ground, if possible, be sufficiently moist to pulverize nicely, and that each day's plowing shall be harrowed at once. Working the furrow-slice immediately after plowing pulverizes it more completely and checks the loss of moisture by evaporation. With the fall plowing of land that is not going to be put into crop until the following spring, it is not so important that the furrow-slice pulverize as completely, for lumps and clods that are turned up will crumble and pulverize by the action of rain, air, sunshine and frost.

Plowed land readily absorbs rainfall, and the loosely-turned furrows increase the storage capacity of the soil.

Plowing is also the principal method by which grain stubble and other forms of organic matter are introduced into the soil. Hence it is important that the plow be properly equipped, and the furrow-slice so turned that all organic matter will be completely turned under, at such a depth that the harrow and the cultivator will scarcely be troubled with it afterward.



A Badly Cracked Condition of the Surface Soil Which Allows an Excessive Loss of Moisture by Evaporation. Right Cultivation at the Proper Time Would Have Prevented This.

PREPARING FOR CLOVER CROP

Often a Good Plan to Break Ground the Preceding Spring and Grow Fertilizing Crop.

If the aim is to get clover and grass on a thin soil it is often a good plan to break the ground the preceding spring and to grow a fertilizing crop during the summer that can be cultivated and then disked into the surface soil. When cowpeas can be grown they are excellent for the purpose.

On very thin land I have gotten the finest clover sod in this way, says a writer in an exchange. Expensive way? someone asks. Well, any way of covering thin soil with a heavy clover sod is not inexpensive. I like the plan. The tillage kills weed seeds and frees fertility. The vines are chopped in the surface before they become tough. The humus is just where it is needed, and the soil is firm.

If one prefers, rape may be sown the 1st of September, and then the land fitted for clover in the spring without the plow. Leave the vegetable matter at the surface. Or timothy may be sown in the fall and clover added in the spring. Or wheat may be seeded and clover in the spring.

Free Range for Turkeys.

Turkeys must have free range in order to do well. Do not keep them closely confined. If you have fed them regularly they will continue to come up at that time for their feed even if allowed to run free.

Low Vitality of Hogs.

Coarseness in hogs indicates low vitality, sluggishness and slow feeding qualities.

Looked Weathered.

"Fresh Paint," said a sign on the front of a big building entrance. A passing pedestrian who glanced at it and at a girl of very fashionable complexion standing just under it, remarked: "It may be fresh, but it looks to me as if she had had it on overnight."

Adjudiaction Notice

Public Notic is hereby given that the subscriber, Admistrator of the estate of Lucian M. Haynes now deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County at a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan in said County on the first Monday of June next, 1914, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

Waukegan, Illinois, March 20, 1913.

WILLIAM F. ZIEGLER.
Administrator of Estate of Lucian M. Haynes.
E. M. Runyard, Attorney.

Our Castles.

Our castles in the air generally include an heiress.—Ashley Sterne.

The Promise of Spring

Its in the air and many things are timley. For example—let us suggest it—the work of

Wiring Your House for Electric Service

We're in the market to do it—cheaply and without inconvenience to the occupants.

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SPECIMEN BALLOT

TOWN OF ANTIOCH

Election Tuesday, April 7, 1914

	YES	NO
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The TIME LOCK

By Charles Edmonds Walk

Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Rudolph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1313, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery. Several persons at regular intervals enter No. 1313. Van Vechten expresses concern to his friend, Tom Phinney, regarding the whereabouts of his cousin and fiancee, Paige Carew. A fashionably attired woman is seen to enter the House of Mystery. A man is forcibly ejected from the house. Van Vechten and Tom follow the man and find him dead in the street. Van Vechten is attracted by the face of a girl in the crowd of onlookers surrounding the body. Later he discovers the girl gazing at him with a look of scorn from the windows of the mysterious house.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER V.

Introducing Mr. Flint.

Whatever it might have been that Rudolph Van Vechten wanted to ponder in connection with the morning's happenings, he had no thought for the hourly procession of strange men into Number 1313, nor for the veiled lady (as much as her appearance had agitated him), nor yet for the murder—if murder there had been.

His mind was flooded with dissolving images of a fair girl's face. He saw her shrinking in dread before an unspeakable terror, from which he could not shield her; he saw her sobbing out her heart in bitter distress, and it was not his privilege to comfort her. And then, most vivid of all, were the scorn and reproach of her handsome dark eyes, against whose silent accusation he could not defend himself.

His fruitless mental effort was chafing and fretting him almost to distraction; his head ached and throbbed; his nerves felt as if they stood stripped in a sleet storm. And a beautiful face, as luminous as dawn, floated elusively before him, pleading, rebuking, teasing, coaxing, hating, but constantly and always leaving him more and more mystified and hopelessly perplexed.

As far advanced as the season was, there still remained several weeks which, earlier, he had planned to spend with the Carterets. Fred Carteret owned a pleasant summer home on the north shore of Long Island, and a comfortable sailing-yacht which Tom Phinney delighted to navigate up and down the sound, while the other dined, made merry or took advantage of the cool breezes to sleep. He even regretted that he must forego Tommy's cheerful habit of every now and then poking his head in at the cabin skylight and shouting directions to the bridge players below—who, as everyone knows, always enjoy that sort of thing. He would invariably vanish before the only available missiles could annihilate him, and become immersed in some profundity of his self-imposed duties.

And then would have followed a journey in his own trim steam-yacht (T. Phinney, master), down to the Cheseapeake, to wait for the autumn hegira of ducks. His cousin's prospective arrival from abroad had altered all these pleasant arrangements.

Paige Carew had completed her mu-



"Why Can't You Let a Fellow Alone When He Wants to Think by Himself.

sical studies in July; some day she would enchant the world—or at least that elect portion of it which she would condescend to favor—with her violin; her career at the conservatory assured this prophecy. Was not that honor and glory enough for a girl not yet twenty?

Then why should she and Mrs. Devereaux go off to London for the season, instead of coming home to meet the people with whom she would have to mingle after they were married, and receive their laudations and congratulations?

Van Vechten paused at this reflection.

After they were married! Ever since he could remember, this contingency had been taken so for granted that he had never thought to question it. It was so much the proper thing for them to do, such a logical union, so desirable from every point of view, that he and Paige had always regarded it as a settled thing—an assured fact—awaiting only the ripe moment. True, neither of them seemed eager to hasten the time, but if that time was ever to come it must now be near at hand; they could not much longer be content with "some time."

He frowned with annoyance. Why couldn't such a sensible girl come home at the proper time, when all arrangements had been made for her reception and her family and friends had every reason to expect her? There was one consolation in the absence of those friends from town; he was not obliged to invent answers to embarrassing inquiries concerning his dilatory cousin. But this was small compensation for stewing in New York by himself until Paige chose to notify him of her whereabouts and intended movements. He gave one moment of sober thought to the circumstance that he really did not know precisely where she was; if some sudden emergency should arise necessitating a cable he would not know where to reach her.

But he speedily dismissed this phase of the matter; it was no new thing for Paige to start off on a holiday jaunt without confiding her proposed itinerary to anybody, and now Mrs. Devereaux was with her.

"Just the same," he mused, "if I knew where to catch her, I would send her a cable that would set her to guessing for a while."

Unable longer to remain quiescent, he bounded from his chair and collided with Alexander, who was seeking him in his corner—an accident that did not affect the page's accustomed composure in the least.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," Alexander announced.

"Who is it?" Van Vechten snapped irritably. "I don't want to see anybody—"

He paused. Didn't he? Alexander had not presented a card, but whoever the caller might be he signified a diversion. If he tried any longer to think he would be a raving lunatic in another hour. And, besides, something had destroyed the savor of the sole pleasurable aspect of his meditations.

Alexander resolved his doubts. He caught a knowing look in the page's countenance.

"Beggin' your pardon, Mr. Van Vechten, I think you'd want to see this gentleman."

"Very well," Van Vechten wearliedly acquiesced. "Show him in."

He did not know the man who immediately followed Alexander into the lounging-room. The stranger was under medium height, slender and unassuming in appearance, but carried himself with a certain quiet assurance that commanded attention. He was as gray as a badger, and his lean, smooth-shaven face resembled tooled leather.

There was a conspicuously alert look about his steady gray eyes, Van Vechten also noted, which presently disclosed a habit of narrowing and revealing a web of fine wrinkles at their corners. This single change of facial muscles, Van Vechten soon learned to recognize, possessed the peculiarity of indicating one of two moods—concentration upon the matter in hand, or else a smiling humor that made one warm to him. Van Vechten felt that his visitor would be chary of speech, but that whatever he might say would be well worth harkening to.

"Mr. Rudolph Van Vechten?" now queried the newcomer in a tone that could not have carried a yard beyond the person to whom it was addressed. Van Vechten nodded and motioned to a chair.

"My name," he acknowledged. And, with a wry mouth: "You are a detective. I might have expected it—but I didn't."

Instantly the steady eyes contracted and wrinkled at the corners. The young man all at once discovered that his irritation was evaporating, and that he could smile in sympathy with his visitor.

Said the quiet voice: "I am glad to know that my estimate of your intelligence was not at fault. Flint is my name—Phineas Flint—from Central Office."

"Considering that you have never seen me before, Mr. Flint," Van Vechten lightly retorted, "it is rather extraordinary that you should possess any particulars upon which to base an estimate of my intelligence."

The steady, smiling regard still met the young man's.

"I'll demonstrate just how simple a matter it is—if you have pardoned this intrusion?"

The listener nodded. His attention was already won.

"Have you any idea how the poor chap met his death?" he queried.

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "He was struck over the head with some kind of blunt instrument. It is pretty certain that only one of the blows—the one on the temple—could have proved fatal; the other—right behind the left ear—might have stunned him or produced unconsciousness. But as to who did it—there's the question. There are some extraordinary features about this murder, Mr. Van Vechten."

Rudolph Van Vechten rose and walked over to a front window.

"Come here," he invited Mr. Flint. And then, after the latter had quietly joined him, he nodded toward Number 1313.

"See that house across the way? Well, less than two minutes before my friend and I came up with the poor chap lying in the alley, he emerged from there. I am pretty certain, too, that his departure was accompanied by some sort of fracas—before the door was opened, you know."

The network of wrinkles marked a narrowing of the gray eyes, while Mr. Flint subjected the unprepossessing facade to a long, searching scrutiny.

"Then," he said at last, "you were following him. Why? Surely, not out of idle curiosity?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Sit down," he curtly bade, resuming the seat he had occupied earlier in the day, while Mr. Flint sank into the one lately occupied by Tom Phinney. "If you can make anything of what I have to tell you, you are welcome to it."

He began with as much of Number 1313's history as he knew, and, with but two reservations, recounted everything down to the moment that he and Tom rushed from the club to overtake the man killed at the alley intersection.

The detective listened with a marked but respectful attention, not once interrupting the recital. And when Van Vechten had finished, Mr. Flint asked a single question. His preoccupied look remained upon Number 1313.

"Has it occurred to you," he said, with thoughtful deliberation, "to wonder where the murderer came from?—and whither he fled?"

Van Vechten sat silent, unmoving, his face a mask. Involuntarily now, his mind once more fashioned a map of the neighborhood—one that carried the fatal alley straight behind the house across the way.

"I mentioned," Mr. Flint was pursuing, "that this case offered some rather extraordinary features. So far, quite the most extraordinary is that a man was struck down on a populous thoroughfare, in broad daylight, and nobody saw the actual deed. Besides the newsboy, there was a lady almost directly across the street from the alley, who witnessed from a window the man sink to the walk. But she saw no one running from the scene."

"Perhaps," murmured Van Vechten—"perhaps no one did."

"Ah—to be sure," observed Mr. Flint, smoothly. "A crowd gathered very quickly, I believe; what was easier than to remain and mingle with it? An old trick, Mr. Van Vechten."

That young man did not meet the swift oblique glance that swept his immobile features. Mr. Flint rose slowly, and stood irresolutely fingering his hat. He was again absently contemplating the Silent House. After a moment his eyes crinkled in a smile. He said softly:

"I see, Mr. Van Vechten, that the same thought has come to both of us."

And before departing he bestowed a final reflective nod upon Number 1313.

CHAPTER VI.

Tom Phinney's Adventure.

Tom Phinney was so accustomed to what he was pleased to call his friend's "aberrations," that at Van Vechten's intimation that he desired to be left alone, Tom stalked off to the billiard room without a word.

Unluckily for his peace of mind, he intruded upon two of his closest cronies, and interrupted a desultory game of billiards. And the instant he appeared he was assailed by a bombardment of questions, all prompted by eager curiosity respecting Number 1313's tragedy.

"Say, you fellows, cut it out!" he cried in desperation. "I'm not going to tell you anything at all. I'm not going to talk about it."

At which they were all the more curious and eager, concluding that Tom himself was in some way involved—or, at least, that he really possessed some inside information. This drew an explosion.

"I don't know a d—— thing about it," Tom shouted, beating the air with his hands. "I saw a lot of fellows going into the house, and a woman— Confound you chaps! Why can't you let a fellow alone when he wants to think by himself!"

"A woman!" he was quickly taken up by both. "Who was she?"

But Tom relapsed into an obstinate silence. He was angry and morose, and his two friends left him in a huff, calling him impolite names and guying him for expressing a desire to put his mental processes through an unaccustomed exercise. This made him gloomier still. And when he reflected that, after all, he had mentioned the mysterious woman in the taxi, his depression became acute.

He drove the balls around a deserted table with vicious jabs of his cue, the while he too bewailed the fate that kept him away from the Carterets' yacht. For he could not think of availing himself of this pleasure unless Ruddy were along. Tom's income did not permit of his owning yachts or motor-cars; but what he did not know about them was not worth anybody's time trying to find out.

He was thus reminded of a catboat over at Rocky Cove, belonging to a friend who was in Europe, and which he could use whenever he wanted to. He threw down his cue, hunted up a time-table, then hastened home to toss a battered but wonderfully comfortable negligee outfit into a bag, and hie himself over to Long Island.

As he passed through the lounging-room—it is worth recording—Van Vechten was brooding in his corner, and so did not see him. Tom surveyed him a second or so, then concluding that he had better not break in upon his cogitations, hastened away.

While it was yet daylight, Tom found the sail where it was stored in his friend's boathouse, shipped the single mast and rigged it up, then went up into town after a box of provisions. He meant to cruise around the Sound for a day or two, thus giving Ruddy plenty of time to think, and perhaps learn something definite about his Cousin Paige's movements into the bargain; afterwards they might find time to join the Carterets. He was profoundly disgusted that a girl's caprice was depriving him and Ruddy of a jolly good time.

That night, after a couple of pipes, he went to sleep in his little craft's cabin, and before daylight he was astir and taking advantage of a light off-shore breeze. All day he loafed around the lower Sound, enjoying himself immensely and incidentally emptying the provision locker to the last crumb. He viewed this circumstance with a rueful laugh.

"Moses and green spectacles! And I thought I was laying in supplies for a week's cruise!"

Then he laughed again—light-heartedly this time—and trimmed about for home.

Dusk was falling when he drifted close in toward Rocky Cove. He was possibly two miles off shore when he heard the muffled exhaust and warning pipe of a motor-boat. And here is where his adventure may be said to have begun.

Glancing back, he made out the craft bearing down upon him under a smother of spray of her own kicking up. She swept by so close to port that, despite the half-light, he was afforded a distinct view of several of the boat's occupants.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An excellent coffee substitute is made of prunes and figs. It has real food value, but not stimulation.



VITAL GROWTH OF GERMANY

Increase of Population, as of Wealth, Must Be Most Gratifying to the Country.

An important work on the progress of Germany and its social development during the last fifty years has just been published by Dr. Helfferich, the director of the German bank. The most satisfactory feature in this record is the increase in Germany's population. In 1816 Germany had 25,000,000 inhabitants; in 1888, 48,000,000, and in 1912, 66,000,000. It is true that the percentage of births has fallen from 40.7 per 1,000 to 29.5. In spite of this fall the proportional yearly increase in Germany is larger than in any other European country, Russia included, and is nearly 2 per cent. more than in Great Britain, although the death-rate in Germany is still higher than in this country. In fact, the increase in the German population is progressive. In the period 1881-90 this increase amounted to 5¼ millions; in 1891-1900 to 7.3 millions, and in the next ten years to 8 2-3 millions. This was partly due to the decrease in emigration, as well as to the rapid decline in the death-rate. It is estimated that in 1950 Germany will have nearly one hundred million people. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the vital statistics of the country, as explained in Dr. Helfferich's book, should cause serious misgivings in France.—Westminster Gazette.

Her Good Wishes.

A woman prisoner's greeting to an English magistrate: "Good luck to you, old sport! May you never want for a shilling or a shirt!"

IN the GRIP of the SEA



DREADNAUGHT DELAWARE IN RAGING SEA

IT WAS on the bark on which I served my apprenticeship, and we were homeward bound, says a writer in Cassell's Saturday Journal. We had swept up past the foam girt Azores and we were saying that five more days would raise the Lizard light.

As we plunged farther north the breeze freshened and grew until it seemed as though the very powers of the air were conspiring together to waft us onward at our best pace.

Still the gale increased and when at length we breasted the waters of the Bay of Biscay we found it arrayed in all its grim majesty to greet us. As far as our salt filled eyes could see there was nothing save a heaving waste of darkling, greenish-gray water, whipped across by flying sheets of solid spindrift, that ever and anon was lifted in the arms of the storm and flung aboard us in chilling wreaths. Before we could spit out the salt from our mouths the great, green combers rolled sullenly up, the low side of the vessel heeled to meet them and then, rising as a heavy squall struck down upon her, hove aboard a few hundred tons of the Atlantic ocean in one solid mass that filled the deck waist high.

So the night fell, and men looked one another in the face, and perhaps for the first time fear dawned in the eyes of some. The captain hung grimly to the weather shrouds of the mizzen and peered with staring eyes through the vibrating gloom at the overwrought main topgallant sail on which our very safety depended. It was an old sail, for we had not had time to bend the heavy weather canvas properly before these vigorous gales had commenced, and this sail was only the fine weather sheet we carried through the tropics. If that sail split, they said, nothing could save the ship. There would be one hunted heap as a sea caught her up astern, a wild swirling of down dragging water and then—the inevitable end.

Ship on Her Beam Ends.

Though the night was black with the blackness of the grave, there was a sort of ghostly sheen given off from the spray that showed us occasionally how the ship was behaving. Throughout that voyage we had bestowed every anathema in our vocabulary on the craft for her unkindliness, for she was loaded deep with niter, and was as buoyant as an iron bridge. Now she hove her streaming bows high in the air, while her squattering stern sunk down as though it would never rise again. Again, with a swoosh and a sullen roar, she buried her sharp bowsprit to the knightheads and far beyond, while the solid sea climbed up the slope of her decks to the very main hatch. The stern waggled drunkenly against the black gray sky, and we who lay there, with blinded eyes and grasping hands, hung madly to any rope that drifted our way, for dear life.

It seemed impossible that the sky could hold more potent powers than those that were now thundering about us, and yet, as long minute dragged itself away after long minute, the wind gained a velocity that was tremendous. It was more than a hurricane; it was a typhoon, a pampero, a black norther, all welded into one awful whole.

On the stroke of midnight a squall flared upon us with such a whistling velocity that, though we were lying at length on the poopdeck, we were blown like feathers hard against the lee rail. The breath was knocked completely out of our bodies and we said the end was come. The ship was thrown flat on her beam ends. She lurched wildly and a long groan from every straining plate rose above that fiendish din of the storm. A sharp cracking aloft told of something amiss, and when the next lightning flash sizzled overhead we sent our eyes to the main topgallant sail with one accord. But it still held. A dull rumbling crash forward told us where the damage was done; there was the thunder of falling spars and the fore topgallant mast went by the board.

And then, when the squall was at its height, the wind shifted like a flash. It had blown hard from the southwest; it now blew harder from the northwest. We thought no wind could blow so ferociously, but the force of the preceding breeze was as a maiden's sigh compared with what followed. By the light of the binnacle we could see the helmsman and the captain, together with both mates, laboring hard to get the helm up and the ship away before the shifted wind. Their faces gleamed ghastly and we could hear the panting of their heavy breathing where we lay helpless; but that shift of wind was just what was required to right the ship. She lifted herself with a glorious motion and shook herself like a duck; then, as the wind caught her full astern, she sprang forward like an arrow from a bow.

At half past two the weather helmsman almost fainted at his post. He had been kept up to his work by copious doses of grog, but the strain was too severe to be kept up. The next best man in the ship took the spokes, the helmsman let go and for a second the ship went on as usual. But not for long. The new man had not got the "hang" of things, and he allowed her to jibe a little. Instantly she was awash.

The whole Atlantic ocean seemed to pour aboard this time, and we in the half deck, where we had gone for temporary shelter, hearing the sullen thud, thought it was the end. One of the men sprang to the door and tried to open it, but a solid wall of water was behind it and it resisted his stoutest efforts. Another, with the sweat drops of fear shining on his forehead, jumped on the table and thrust up the skylight in the room. Immediately the place was half filled with water. The lamp went out and the horrible sound of swishing water filled our ears.

An Awful Plunge Into the Deep.

Why dwell on every detail of that awful night? Suffice it that the old helmsman was sent back to the wheel at once, that his skill made our escape possible, and that after what seemed like long years had passed, the chill dawn broke, and showed us our plight in all its gruesomeness. Not a thing remained about the deck save those solid structures that were built into the fabric's hull. Every boat we carried had disappeared, having been smashed into splitwood and then carried over side.

As we raced through the gray light a large bark appeared in sight ahead. We ranged toward her, and as we drew near the red ensign stood out. It was union down—the signal of distress.

We could not even lift a hand toward her salvation! We had not a boat that would float, and if we had had all the boats of a liner they would not have floated a second in that raging fury of the wind lashed sea. We passed on, and a low groan burst from a score of throats. Well it might! At one minute the helpless ship was high poised on the crest of a wave, at another she swerved giddily downward. We waited with bated breath for the reappearance, but we saw nothing more. She had run under.

Experience Comes First.

That age and experience as a rule count for more than youth and enthusiasm is a theme sustained vigorously by the editor of the American Machinist. To illustrate his point he cites the following experience:

"A short time ago we spent a few days in a large machine shop where a man is considered young until he reaches sixty-five or seventy years of age. We met a number who had seen from twenty to forty years of service with this company. When inquiries were made as to their work we were told that it was as good as and often better than that of many younger men in the company's employ.

"In this shop was noticed the absence of waste motion; no 'goose steps' were seen. Often much of the hurry and bustle exhibited by the younger man is useless motion and parade action.

"To the superintendent who looks only at appearances such actions might indicate a live shop, but in fact they do not get anywhere."

Woman Explorer of Arabia.

A Russian woman, Countess Molitor, has just started on an attempt to cross Arabia at its widest part, from west to east, penetrating the Desert of Roba'a-el-Khali. This huge desert is absolutely blank on the maps, has never been entered by a European, and is practically unknown even to the natives of adjoining parts of Arabia. The countess proposes to dress as an Arab and to be accompanied only by natives.

A Warning.

"I was charmed with Mrs. Smith. She certainly is a lady of winning ways."

"Then you be careful how you accept her invitations to her bridge parties."

A Human Churn



"WHEN the food reaches the stomach it is subjected to a peculiar churning movement by the muscular walls of the stomach"—(See Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, page 45). In the liver, kidneys and skin, the blood is purified of its waste materials—these organs act as human filters, leaving the blood pure and clear—unless liver, digestive tract and kidneys are clogged.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

is a stomach, liver and kidney tonic—by assisting the stomach to assimilate, the liver to filter, the kidneys to act—the poisons are removed, the red blood corpuscles are increased and one feels light, fresh and active instead of logy, dull and heavy. The "Discovery" stimulates the stomach, increases action of heart and arteries and is a most satisfactory alterative in blood-taint of any character. The refreshing influence of this extract of native medicinal plants has been favorably known for over forty years. Everywhere some neighbor can tell you of the good it has done.

Sold by all medicine dealers in liquid or tablet form; or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and a trial box will be mailed you.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

50 cents and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 the dozen of any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Face the world and you won't be so apt to be talked about behind your back.

Doctor up that Cough—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops are a sure relief for all coughs and colds—5c at Druggists.

She Didn't Scream.

Patient—May I scream if you hurt?

Dentist—Yes, but we charge extra for that.

IF YOU'RE GROUCHY

it is likely that your liver needs stirring up. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will set you right quickly. Adv.

Believed in Daylight Saving.

The late King Edward practiced daylight saying on lines similar to those proposed in the daylight saving parliamentary bill. For many years and Sandringham he caused his clocks to be advanced 30 minutes during the summer months, and in the last two years of his life he caused the same rule to be observed at Windsor and Balmoral, and said that he was favorably disposed towards the bill.

"ROUND FOR WESTERN CANADA"

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER SLOGAN, THAT STARTED FROM NEBRASKA.

Four horses abreast attached to a red painted prairie schooner, with windows and a protruding stovepipe, with the words, "Bound for Canada," on the schooner's side, was the object of considerable interest as it passed through the city northward from Nebraska City a short time ago through the towns in Nebraska, South and North Dakota. After some weeks of strenuous traveling in this way, Mr. J. F. Jensen made the overland trip from Jameson, Nebraska, and with his little family made the regular customs entry at North Portal, in the province of Saskatchewan. Their destination was Willow Bunch, a district that Mr. Jensen had selected as one in which it was possible for him to work out his fortune. He located on a good half section of land, and intended putting on it some cattle that would fatten on the wild prairie grass that grows so luxuriously in that district. In addition to this his purpose was to cultivate a portion of it and raise wheat, oats, barley or flax. In short, a life devoted to mixed farming was what he had in view and it is easy to understand that he will make a success of it, and in a year or so will attach some more land holdings.

Although his beginning may be small, it may safely be said that Mr. Jensen, like thousands of others who have begun life in western Canada on no more and with probably much less, will prosper. He will not be far from a line of railway. Schools will be close at hand and other social conditions so necessary in a new country are available.—Advertisement.

Vote on Socialism.

Under the British trade union act, 1912, it was laid down that before any union could contribute from its funds to the support of a political party it must take a ballot of its members. Provision was also made safeguarding the minority from being compelled to pay towards the support of political opinions from which they differ. Trade unionists of the United Kingdom have just balloted on the proposition of paying Socialist members of parliament. The vote as announced was: For, 464,473; against, 324,316.

Modern War Fireworks.

The most elaborate fireworks in the world are those reserved for use in time of war. The possibilities of signaling for long distances and of illuminating the enemy's position by night have been carefully studied and fireworks of unprecedented size and brilliancy have been constructed.

Let another great war be fought and the fireworks display would completely eclipse our most elaborate Fourth of July celebrations. One of the most beautiful of these fireworks is the star shell. By means of a large rocket arrangement these stars are sent to great altitudes, and on bursting throw a powerful white light over a considerable radius.

The war rockets are the largest ever constructed, measuring eight feet or more in length. On exploding at great altitudes combinations of colored stars are set free which will signal widely scattered troops.

Hard luck is the kind that comes easiest.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands. Adv.

Fools and children tell the truth, and generally at the wrong time.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

Worth the Money.

"Did the doctor pronounce you sound as a dollar?"

"Yes; and sent me a bill for five."—Judge.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Style.

Mrs. Styles—To be in style the papers say one must have something slim about them.

Mr. Styles—Well, I'm in style, all right, then.

"How so?"

"Why, my pocketbook looks that way, all right."

Half and Half.

Hon. Horace E. Stanton, apropos of the mismanagement of a railroad that had gone into a receiver's hands, said:

"The calm and bland excuses offered for their mismanagement by the road's various heads remind me of Smith.

'Smith, last Sabbath, put in a strenuous day cleaning up his garden for the spring planting.

"But Jones, his next door neighbor, tackled him indignantly in the smoker the following morning and said:

"'Look here, Smith, do you think I want all your tin cans and bones and old shoes thrown over into my garden?'

"'You haven't got 'em all, old man. You've only got half,' said Smith calmly. 'Brown, on the other side, got the other half.'"

Good Rule to Follow.

Half of the fun of anything is looking forward to it, and the other half is looking back at it; the climax, the event itself, is merely the point at which the two kinds of pleasure meet in the middle.

Learn to go to your good time, when you have earned it, with the full expectation of enjoying yourself; and when it is over, let the happy memory of it keep coming back to bless and sweeten the subsequent days.

To a great extent, however, you go, you bring your own happines with you. You will have the best time by giving it to others, contradictory as this may seem. You will look back with most satisfaction on the occasion, when you were "the life of the party," when you entered into the fun and made most of it yourself, and did not sit back and expect to have it made for you.

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement.

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit.

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if all I had heard of it was true.

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved.

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy the meal at noon time."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MILLAR'S GOOD SCHEME

Coles County Farm Boys Given Course In Agriculture.

Superintendent of Schools Shows What Can Be Done In Way of Providing Valuable Instruction for the Country Lads.

By J. B. BURROWS,
Director Illinois Farmers' Institute.

It has fallen to the lot of Coles county, one of the most fertile counties of the Nineteenth congressional district, to furnish a county superintendent with foresight enough to realize one of the greatest problems of rural education.

Each year we find our county boards of supervisors more awake to the needs of country folk who get their living from the farms. It has often happened that, through the medium of an earnest, conscientious superintendent of schools, such as W. Ed. Millar, a part of the tax money is diverted from the usual channels to the interest of boys and girls living in the open country who may never see the inside of a high school, much less the college of agriculture so generously provided for their benefit.

Realizing a responsibility to these boys and girls beyond the ordinary limits of his office, Mr. Millar easily persuaded his county board that there was a number of boys who would be glad of an opportunity to study for two weeks, if only the instructors and class-rooms were provided. The board at once accepted the situation and the jury-room of the court house, filled with seats, was gladly offered and an instructor in the person of Roscoe Farrar of Humboldt, a graduate of our college of agriculture, procured for a series of lectures. Mr. Farrar, a product of Coles county, with experience in teaching agronomy in one of the California colleges, is a farmer of large acres and a splendid hand with boys.

Thirty-six boys from the seventh to the tenth grade registered for this course and listened intently with notebooks in hand to daily programs made up from the following topics:

The purpose of this school; six factors of crop production; methods of controlling the factors; the principles of pruning; life history, habits and how to control the white grub; the care of farm tools in field and shop; care and operation of farm gas engines; relation of plants to the carbon cycle; bank organization—the function of the bank; irrigation; life history, habits and how to control the corn root-louse; instruction in rope work; shrinkage of corn in crib; the aspect of the soil; the physical improvement of soils; the capillarity of six important soil types; work in concrete—building fences; the value of farm land; purpose of Coles County Boys' Corn club; economic biology; where and how people live; general review of the work.

The expense of the school was borne largely by the fund provided by the county board. A number of excursions were made into the country for practical demonstrations and object lessons.

The economic value of such a course can hardly be calculated. These boys were led to an entirely new viewpoint in agriculture, with encouraging prospects toward better farming and the atmosphere of the class-room as well as the leadership of their instructors, have every reason to develop into stronger men as well as examples in their several communities.

CARE OF BROOD SOWS

During pregnancy the brood sow has a strong demand on her for material for bone, muscle, nerve and hair. And she should be so fed that she can supply this demand without robbing her own system to do it.

Corn alone will not supply the necessary element; the sow needs a variety of feeds. Mill feeds, such as bran and wheat middlings, are most excellent. I prefer to feed bran dry so it will be thoroughly masticated before being swallowed.

In case wheat middlings are used, it is best to make it into swill. In the bill of fare a few roots should be added, or, where roots are not available, a few potatoes may be fed, as farrowing time approaches.

I feed my brood-sows no corn at all for at least two weeks before farrowing time. I find wheat bran far superior, as it furnishes plenty of bone-making material and also keeps the bowels in good condition.

I give my sows a warm, dry place in which to sleep, and do not allow them to draw themselves over any obstructions, such as boards, bars and the like. I watch them closely and give them the best possible care without overconfining or overfeeding them. They have all they will drink, twice a day, of good, clean water.

Many farmers often have lame hogs and do not understand the cause of this undesirable condition. Either the hogs have been compelled to lie in a damp bed, or in a place so cold that they have been forced to pile up to keep warm. Either condition is likely to bring on rheumatism.

Clean Roosts.

A poultryman in whose flock lice and mites do not exist says that he goes over the roosts every other day with kerosene and a special preparation for the extermination of insects. He does this as a precaution, even though he does not believe the mites and lice would come. He is on the safe side.

CROPS IN OTHER COUNTRIES

Universal Decline In Yield Noted Except Where Plant Food Is Returned to the Soil.

By H. A. M'KEENE,
Secretary Illinois Farmers' Institute.

Russia's wheat yield for 20 years has averaged only 8¼ bushels per acre, with the ground lying fallow every third year and a famine every five years.

The average farm lands of New England, New York, Virginia and other eastern states have markedly decreased in productive power and value. Thousands of acres within 100 miles of Washington, D. C., once worth $50 to $75 an acre, are now abandoned for agriculture. The east frequently spends $2 to $20 per acre for plant food to keep up its soils.

Wheat in England averages 32 bushels per acre, but England imports four times as much wheat as she produces. English farmers use several hundred thousand tons of commercial plant food annually.

Belgium imports five times as much wheat as she produces and quantities of corn and oil cake.

Germany consumes nearly twice as much wheat as she produces and imports corn and a billion pounds of oil cake, while she exports principally two billion pounds of sugar, containing no plant food of value.

Denmark imports more wheat than she produces, besides corn and 800,000,000 pounds of oil cake, and exports principally 175,000,000 pounds of butter, containing practically no plant food.

These countries that feed practically all they raise and buy in addition large quantities of fertilizers and other foodstuffs from which to produce still larger amounts of manure, can thus make their soils richer than ever before, but the great agricultural areas of the United States are being steadily depleted.

Improvement in seed, cultivation and crop rotation and the addition of 2,000,000 acres of richest black soil have increased the average yield of corn in Illinois, but some portions of the 7,000,000 acres of older corn land are now producing smaller crops.

If we repeat in the great corn belt the history of land ruin in Palestine, in southern Europe, in Russia and in the eastern United States, where shall our children go for bread? After the land is impoverished it is too late to invest in soil improvement. Poverty is helpless. Illinois can not afford to wait 25 or 50 years before adopting permanent systems of soil improvement.

If we are to maintain the fertility of our lands we must apply limestone and phosphate where needed to grow legumes, and we must plow under the legumes to feed the grain crops. This is the Illinois system for not only maintaining fertility, but for increasing it indefinitely.

WITH THE SOWS AND PIGS

As farrowing time approaches we find that it pays to be on friendly terms with the brood sows, for even if they are given the best of food and care there are certain losses we cannot prevent.

Many hog raisers will laugh at the idea of making friends with the brood sows, but I have found it a paying proposition to go among the sows and their litters and handle them in a careful manner during the farrowing period and for a few days after.

The young pigs must have dry nests and the bedding should be changed frequently, and lime or some other disinfectant sprinkled in the nest when it is cleaned.

Many pigs become infected with disease through their navels coming in contact with damp and foul nests.

A sow should be fed light rations during the farrowing period and for a few days after, although I do not believe in the starvation rations advised by many writers and authorities.

The feed may be gradually increased for the next few days until at three weeks she is giving all of the milk that she is capable of producing. At this time the young pigs should be fed separate from the sow, but where they can go in and out of the farrowing pen as they choose.

Skim-milk, wheat middlings and shelled corn are excellent foods for the young pigs at this period.

By this method the pigs become accustomed to the change of food and there is no falling away in condition when they are removed from the sow.

In many instances, more especially if the sows are sold, it will be best to take the pigs as soon as they come and remove their tusks, on both upper and lower jaws. Those tusks are often very sharp and painful to the sow and will cause her to jump up quickly when they are sucking.

It is also the cause of sore mouths, caused by the pigs fighting for their place at the dinner table. My experience has been that the pigs from aged sows are more liable to have sharp tusks than those from younger sows.

Feeding Green Fodder.

Cattle and horses will eat an enormous amount of green fodder if fed fresh. Especially is this true as the summer pastures wither and dry up. If green forage be fed, let it wilt a bit before being thrown out to the stock. This practice will prevent bloating. Milk cows can hardly eat too much regularly, and after feeding all day in the pasture if a cow will eat a good forkful of green fodder the result will surely be seen in the pail. This practice of feeding green forage when pastures are short ought to be greatly extended. It is very profitable.

Another Proof.

Representative Henry, whose objection to American girls marrying earls and counts is well known, said at a recent dinner in Waco:

"Take the Cinderella story. The prince, you will remember, rejected the two old and ugly sisters, and then the beautiful Cinderella slipped on the glass slipper and the young man made her his bride."

Mr. Henry paused, then he added:

"This story is but another proof that the girl who marries a title puts her foot in it."

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep.

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Anxious Moments.

"Before we go down stairs, Alexander," said Mrs. Comeup, nervously, "do look and tell me if you think this dress is a la carte?"

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The Reason.

"Why do you call your play "The Comet?"

"I want it to go on a star route."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

Many a fellow who trusts to luck eventually gets there, but he often has to walk home.

Sore Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and Sties promptly healed with Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Borrow your neighbor's spectacles and have a look at your own faults.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessable a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.



For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Broughton, 412 Merchants L. & T. Bldg., Chicago, M. V. Holmes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit

Canadian Government Agent

LANDOLOGY FREE A magazine giving the FACTS in regard to the land situation. 3 months' trial subscription. If for a home or investment you are thinking of buying good farm land, simply write me a letter marking it "Personal" and say "Mail Landology and all publications free." Address: LLOYD M. SKINNER, Gen. Mgr. Skidmore Land Co., 17 Hall Ave., Marinette, Wis.

LEVEL FARMS—South Georgia, rich pebble soil, improved and unimproved tracts. Write for descriptions. Tate-Conger-Johnson Realty Co., Alma, Ga.

FARM LANDS—Climate, water, fertility, productiveness unexcelled. Abundant rainfall. $15 to $30 acre. F. Trowbridge, First State Bank Bldg., Cascade, Mont.

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES

INDIAN RESERVE LANDS—Best in Canada. Sixteen thousand acres for sale, large or small tracts. Particulars KILBOURN-NEWTON, Limited, Calgary, Canada

NEW YORK FARMS—Chautauqua Co.: $15 to $30 acre; fruit, timber, buildings; some equipped. MAYVILLE REALTY CO., Mayville, N. Y. Big free list; maps.

RIGHT COUNTRY Right climate, right people, right prices, right terms. Write Gogebic County Development League, Ironwood, Michigan

WANTED Clear farms anywhere for Chicago flats August Sahlberg, 167 W. Washington St., Chicago

A Message To Women

Those of Middle Age Especially.

When you have found no remedy for the horrors that oppress you during change of life, when through the long hours of the day it seems as though your back would break, when your head aches constantly, you are nervous, depressed and suffer from those dreadful bearing down pains, don't forget that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the safest and surest remedy, and has carried hundreds of women safely through this critical period.

Read what these three women say:

From Mrs. Hornung, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I am writing to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I failed terribly during the last winter and summer and every one remarked about my appearance. I suffered from a female trouble and always had pains in my back, no appetite and at times was very weak.

"I was visiting at a friend's house one day and she thought I needed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and have gained eight pounds, have a good appetite and am feeling better every day. Everybody is asking me what I am doing and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may publish this letter if you wish and I hope others who have the same complaint will see it and get health from your medicine as I did."—Mrs. A. HORNUNG, 91 Stanton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Was A Blessing To This Woman.

So. RICHMOND, VA.—"I was troubled with a bearing down pain and a female weakness and could not stand long on my feet. Of all the medicines I took nothing helped me like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now regular and am getting along fine. I cannot praise the Compound too much. It has been a blessing to me and I hope it will be to other women."—Mrs. D. TYLER, 23 West Clopton St., South Richmond, Va.

Pains in Side, Could Hardly Stand.

LODI, WIS.—"I was in a bad condition, suffering from a female trouble, and I had such pains in my sides I could hardly move. Before I had taken the whole of one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt better, and now I am well and can do a good day's work. I tell everybody what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. JOHN THOMPSON, Lodi, Wisconsin.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Inventions Sold on Commission—Models, Patents free. German Amer. Syndicate, 501 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

PISO'S REMEDY 25 CTS Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. H. P. Miller is quite poorly.

Mrs. Carl Miller entertained a few friends Monday afternoon.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Craft, Saturday, March 21.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thayer have been laid up for the past three weeks with the grip.

Ground was broken the first of the week for Carl Miller's new bungalow in the Wilton sub-division.

Ernest Shepardson and wife attended the funeral of their cousin Fred Gilmore, near Bristol, Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Jarvis entertained a number of friends at her home Saturday afternoon in honor of her birthday.

Margaret Myers who is very ill with cerebro-typhoid pneumonia whose life was despaired of last week, is on the gain. A trained nurse is in attendance.

Mrs. Chas. Palmer of Portland, Oregan, visited E. C. Thayer a few days, she also visited at Grandma Palmer's in Antioch over Sunday, and on Monday afternoon she returned to her farmer home at Evanston. Mr. Palmer is still in Portland, waiting the death of his brother who has been failing for some time.

Miss Lydia Litwiler died at the home of her sister, Mrs. B. Hamlin, March 23, after an illness of about two months resulting from cance. She leaves two brothers, Joseph of Colorada Springs, and Samuel of Round Lake besides her sister and nnmerous nephews and nieces and a host of friends. The funeral was held at the Hamlin home Wednesday, Rev. Hutchinson officiating, burial was in Avon Center cemetery.

Grandma Tower died at the home of her son, H. B. Tower Sunday morning at the advanced age of 88 years and 1 month. She has been confined to her bed for the past months so that her death was not unexpected. Cause of death was a general breaking down due to old age. She leaves two sons, H. B. of this place and William of Chicago besides one grandson, Horace. The funeral was held at the home on Wednesday, the body being shipped to her old home in Massachusetts for burial, where most of her relatives live. We extend sympathy.

MILLBURN

O. Holmes of Grayslake was here Saturday.

John Bonner and wife visited Russell relatives over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pember left Wednesday for their home in Iowa.

Mrs. Cleveland and daughter were Waukegan visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Edmonds of Grayslake spent several days with her daughter here.

Will Martin was taken to Chicago Monday, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

RUSSELL

Roderick Ames of Rosecrans is very sick.

Master Willie Corris was a Chicago visitor over Sunday.

Asher Crittenden is traveling for a New York tobacco firm.

Miss Floy Dixon is taking music at Kimball Hall, Chicago.

Edmond Alsted and wife of Truesdell are rejoicing over the arrival of a son.

The sudden death of Fred Gilmore was a shock to their many friends and neighbors.

Many friends and relatives attended the funeral of Mary Duncan at Waukegan Friday. Their many friends extend sympathy.

Lamb Waited Long for Success.

Charles Lamb's discovery of his genius was as nearly accidental as might be. When he left school it was necessary for him to take a clerkship and support the family. He wrote jokes for the papers and received for them the munificent sum of 12 cents apiece. Many experiments in authorship proved unsuccessful among them a farce which was hissed off the stage the first night. It was not until he was forty-five years of age that the first "Essay of Elia" appeared.

Rough Roads in Portuguese Cities.

The streets of Lisbon and Oporto are paved almost entirely with cobblestones. The pavement is rough and many of the thoroughfares are steep, as both cities are situated along the river front and on high hills.

BRISTOL

Lee McVicar is on the sick list.

P. E. Woodbury spent Saturday in St. Paul.

H. B. Gaines spent last Monday in Kenosha.

Mrs. Emeline Curtis spent last Saturday in Kenosha.

Jas. Coyne made a business trip to Kenosha Tuesday.

G. P. Willett made a business trip to Chicago Saturday.

Mrs. Sam Knapp entertained the Larkin club Saturday.

Mrs. Dixon and daughter spent last Saturday in Kenosha.

Mrs. E. Zaun and daughter spent last Tuesday in Kenosha.

Mrs. Ed Pike and daughter spent the last of last week in Chicago.

Mrs. J. Woodbury of Alden spent last Saturday with her son here.

Fred Murdock and family of Kenosha spent last week with relatives here.

Mrs. Parsoes spent a part of last week with her daughter in Kenosha.

C. H. Whitcher and C. E. Williams spent Thursday and Friday in Kenosha.

Mrs. F. A. Turner attended the R. N. convention at Green Bay, the fore part of last week.

C. M. Bishop entertained a few friends at a stag party last Saturday afternoon and evening.

Mr. Sherman, who has been spending the winter in Missouri and Arkansas is back in our midst once more.

H. E. McVicar and B. S. Benson attended the Milk Producers meeting in Elgin last Thursday. The outcome of the meeting was that the members of the association were instructed to sign the contracts as offered by the factories.

Chas. Miller loaded a car of household goods last week and moved his family to Chicago. Mr. Miller leaves with the wishes of the people of Bristol and vicinity for a happy and successful career in his new undertaking.

SILVER LAKE

R. T. Bufton and family Sundayed at Wilmot.

Clair Dixon and wife Sundayed at Channel Lake.

Mrs. Pease was a Burlington visitor Wednesday.

Gus Schmalfeldt and wife were Salem callers Monday.

R. M. Dixon was a Schennington visitor last week.

Mrs. Nett has been at Ross Schenning's this week.

Mrs. Gilbert Runkel and Wallace called here Sunday.

Will Jones was a visitor at R. M. Dixon's last week.

Albertine Johnson visited in Kenosha Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Salvin entertained her sister from Chicago this week.

Mrs. C. Jensen and family were English Prairie visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Gertrude Lenz is spending a week at her home at Bassett's.

Ross Schenning was operated on Saturday. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Historic Beard.

The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of it and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his buttonhole, and sometimes he would untie it by command of the emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the faces of his courtiers.

Queer Toothache Cure.

As a cure for toothache, Mr. E. A. Rawlence told the Dorset (Eng.) Antiquarian Field club at Dorchester recently, a Dorset farmer two or three years ago recommended a friend to put his arm round a young oak tree, mark the place where his fingers met, and there make a slit in the bark. Then with his right hand he was to pull some hair from behind his right ear and put it in the slit in the bark.

Evil in Yielding to Temper.

Temper is the greatest enemy to a natural healthy life. It affects the secreting glands, changing healthy fluids into poisons, and shows itself plainly not only in impaired vitality, but even in the face—in feature and complexion alike.

USE OF FERTILIZERS

SANDY SOILS REQUIRE SUPPLY OF MINERAL ELEMENTS.

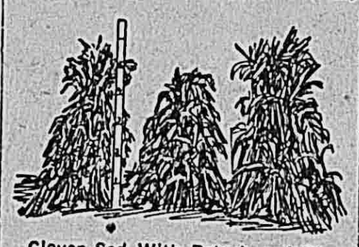
In Growth of Clover for Increasing Organic Matter on Exhausted Land Potassium Will Often Be Found of Benefit.

The maintenance of fertility on sandy soils requires a supply of the mineral elements, phosphorus and potassium and of organic matter including nitrogen.

Where live stock farming is followed and all feed produced on the farm is consumed there, the potassium is conserved and under these conditions it is not ordinarily necessary to add this element, especially where the supply of organic matter in the soil is fairly good. In the growth of clover for increasing the organic matter on exhausted sandy soils, potassium fertilizer will probably often be very beneficial.

Truck crops, such as potatoes, beets, etc., use large amounts of potassium and where they are grown on land not having a good supply of organic matter or where manure from nearby towns is not available, the use of potash fertilizers is important. In growing such crops as potatoes, beets or other truck crops extensively, the turning under of some kind of legume is essential and the best method of adding potash to the soil under such cases is to apply it to the land at the time of seeding of the legume since by so doing it aids greatly in the growth of the clover or other legume and becomes available along with the nitrogen from this crop the following year.

Where an abundance of organic matter, either in the form of barnyard manure or green manure, is contained in the soil, use may be made of the cheapest sources of this element,



Clover Sod With Potash and Phosphorus Fertilizer Yielded 26 bushels of Corn Per Acre, Shown at the Left. 13.5 bushels Where Potash and Phosphorus Were Used Without Clover, in Culture, and 28.5 Bushels Where Peat, Potash and Phosphorus Were Used. This Shows the Importance of Adding Nitrogen and Organic Matter to Sandy Soils.

namely, untreated, finely ground rock phosphate. Where this is incorporated with the manure in the stable it is acted on by the fermentation of the manure so as to cause it to become readily available. However, where the organic matter is small or moderate, and this is generaly the case in sandy soils, the use of either acid phosphate or ground steamed bone meal is advisable.

Fortunately, not all plants are dependent for their supply of nitrogen directly on the soil. The members of the legume family, including clovers, alfalfa, peas, beans, etc., as is generally known, have the ability through the action of the bacteria which develop nodules on the roots of these plants, of taking their supply of nitrogen from the soil air.

QUINCE IS MUCH NEGLECTED

Methods of Culture Have Not Been Studied and Trees Suffer From Continued Ill-Treatment.

The quince is a much-neglected fruit. It seems to be less grown now than a century ago. Varieties have changed but little in a generation. Methods of culture have not been studied, and such trees as exist usually suffer from ill-treatment in some neglected corner of the orchard. But few fruit growers have given the marketing of quince attention, and the fruit is therefore not well received in the markets. The fact that the fruit cannot be eaten raw, though delicious when cooked, greatly impedes the progress of its culture. When the plant breeder has given the quince the texture of the apple, decreased the number of seeds, and somewhat lessened the very pronounced flavor, it will become a dessert fruit second to none.

Our Egg Exports.

Reports show that 121,000,000 dozens of eggs were exported to foreign countries during twelve months. From this it would be reasonably safe to estimate that the egg crop of this country crowds the corn crop very closely, or would if accurate returns could be obtained of the number of eggs consumed in the homes of the farmers.

The number of eggs exported has rapidly increased in the last few years. It is reported that in 1903 the value of hens' eggs exported was $33,297, and in 1913, $4,391,653.

Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera is a disease which seems to be stopped to a degree by the frosts of winter, although frost cannot be said to stop a case after it has taken hold of its victim. However, it seems to prevent the rapid spread of the disease. The result is that in spring time the affection is, as a rule, at the lowest ebb, but increases rapidly from that time until fall.

JUST BEING SENSIBLE

By HELEN MARR.

"Older people are so queer!" mused the girl in pink.

"I've noticed that," agreed the young man who was sitting beside her in the porch swing. "But why, particularly?"

"Oh," said the girl in pink, "it's father and mother, of course. Mother and I were talking today and she doesn't want us to announce our engagement. She says it is unwise when it is to be such a long one and that so many things happen. As though you and I ever would change our minds! She says it will be years before you can afford to get married and she disapproves of the whole affair!"

"I know it," said the young man, a little bitterly. "They think eighteen a week is nothing!"

"It isn't as though you weren't going to get more—and if anything happened to Mr. Smith and Tom Westfield and that Dooks man—why, you'd be at the head of the department!"

"That's right," agreed the young man. "And we'd start modestly."

"Of course," said the girl in pink. "A cunning little flat of six rooms—because we must have a guest room. And a sweet little maid in white aprons and bows—she will look lovely serving when we have our dinner parties.

"That reminds me," went on the girl in pink. "Mother says if I am going to marry a poor man I ought to learn to be a competent housekeeper and—"

"I am not going to have you scrubbing and doing all such things," said the young man, decidedly. "You have the prettiest hands! My father is just as foolish, too—talks house-in-the-suburbs and my own garden and milk-the-cow and raise-your-own-chicken stuff to me! I can't see it. How'd I ever get in to see the fellows at night?"

"And when would I ever see all the girls? I wouldn't give up my matinee club for anything!" exclaimed the girl in pink. "I never saw anything like those prosy older people. I'd just hate to be so old that I made life dreary for others. Mother was talking spring cleaning and preserves and winter flannels to me today—said I ought to know those things, so I could economize and help my husband! How much would you love me if I talked about w-w-winter flannels?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the young man. "They're a joke!"

"Do you suppose," asked the girl in pink, "we could have a motor car? Not a big one with a chauffeur, but one of those smart looking runabouts that we'd drive ourselves? It would be so nice on rainy days when I wanted to make calls or go to teas—"

"Sure, we can manage it," promised the young man, comfortably. "I'm certain Smith's health is giving way and that leaves only three men between me and the head of the department. I'd have fifty a week then. All this talk of the high cost of living—why, I think the older folks say it to scare us—they dislike to have young people happy. It won't cost us anything much to get along nicely and keep up with the others. We can manage!"

"We can keep the car in our back yard," suggested the girl in pink. "In one of those ready made garages for $97.50!"

"And then your mother says you don't know how to economize!" said the young man fondly. "I guess we'll show them a thing or two! Why, I can get along with five suits a year."

"And I can go to quite a cheap dressmaker," declared the girl in pink. "I never pay over twenty to have a gown made and I wear them lots. I am sure eight or ten dresses a year would—"

"Father was talking about the high prices of groceries," said the young man. "You can't tell me it costs him a hundred a month just to set a table for four! We simply couldn't eat as much as that."

"I should say not," said the girl in pink. "Mother is always groaning over grocery bills, seems to me! I should think she'd stop fussing and keep up with the late novels and plays and be up to date! I shan't let myself deteriorate so!"

"Well, let them talk—they simply don't know," said the young man. "They are well meaning and all that, but they can't understand things as we do. We'll have to take matters in our own hands and show them their mistake! As though we couldn't manage!"

"Especially as we are agreed on living so simply and inexpensively!" said the girl in pink. "They don't realize how sensible we are! Now, let's go into the house and look up the automobile advertisements."

Inventions Due to Fashion.

Fashion is responsible for many inventions. This is the case with the manufacture of artificial flowers, for their demand was due to a caprice of fashion. In Italy during festival time it was decreed that flowers should be worn in and out of season and that their color should be retained. Many plans for solving this problem were brought forward and at last some one hit upon the idea of making them of various materials which would resemble the real flowers. Later, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superceded the natural that men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, glass, paper, wax and metal. The most beautiful artificial blossoms were made in Paris.

TAKING CARE OF BOB

By ELLA CYGAN.

"Amy said," began the girl who likes to talk, "that Bob was gentle as a kitten and so affectionate that in contrast a pair of love birds were petrified images of heartlessness. She said many other things, too, over the telephone about the bull terrier that in a misguided moment they purchased some time ago, but that was because she was trying to make me think I was crazy to have him while she and her husband went to Panama.

"I was to pass a few days with her and get acquainted with the paragon of dogs. Amy said that she always felt perfectly safe with Bob in the apartment, becuase he would chew up any burglar who appeared. On the way over I grew rather worried, wondering whether Bob was clever enough to distinguish between a caller who was a burglar and a caller who wasn't. Then I recalled Bob's gentleness and took heart.

"When the front door was opened I thought the end had come. Something huge and white fell across the hall table, and, stepping all over me, attempted to climb on my shoulder and perche there. I screamed faintly and wondered if the Pasteur treatment hurt much. Then I was conscious of Amy's voice.

"'He's so affectionate!' said Amy in a proud voice. "I never knew him to take such an instant liking to any one before! He realizes that you love dogs, I am sure!"

"'I'm crazy about them!' I assured her, as I intrenched myself behind two chairs and a davenport. 'However, I don't care for these aerial effects myself! Can't he keep his feet on the ground?'

"Amy looked hurt, and said she should have thought that I would appreciate a dumb animal's fondness for me. She was interrupted by Bob's giving an exhibition of his dumbness when he saw the postman out of the window. Dashing at the glass at a speed of 60 miles an hour, he let out a roar that shook the apartment. Then he turned and wagged his tail and twinkled his eyes. I think these dogs greatly enjoy life. It must be fine to feel that you can make the whole universe bow to the ground and climb trees if you wriggle your chin or flop an ear.

"I unpacked my suitcase neatly and then when I went to dress for dinner I found that Bob had eaten the heels off my evening slippers.

"'It's the funniest thing!' Amy said, enthusiastically, when I walled out the trouble. 'That dog always has had the most insane fondness for shoe heels! We couldn't have a decent shoe in the house when we first got him. He is so intelligent!'

"When Bob was taken out of doors it was with as many precautions as though he were a man eating tiger. For my part I would as soon sally forth with the jungle beast as with that animal. He had a harness on of battleship leather—well, they have battleship linoleum, anyhow—and snapped to that was a leash with a loop to go over your wrist and then you had a whip.

"I felt as though the band was going to play as I entered the sawdust ring when I took Bob outdoors that day. He shot up the street instantly, and as it was slippery I hung on and slid, shrieking at him to stop. Pretending it was a game, that diabolical animal merely tore on, whisking me around a corner into a perambulator, but maybe I crawled under—anyhow, I was half a block ahead before the nurse had picked herself up from the ground, and Bob was so impetuous that I couldn't return to inquire.

"It might have been all right if he hadn't seen a cat. Amy said afterward reproachfully that I shouldn't have allowed him to see a cat. However, she did not say whether I should have run in front of Bob and held my hands over his eyes or chloroformed him till the cat had strolled by. If I had fancied up to now that Bob had been hastening, I was mistaken. He had been dawdling, but when he saw that cat he turned on full speed.

"All I remember is hurtling through the air, hanging to the leash for dear life, for Amy had cautioned me that I had the safety of the public in my hands, and so I dared not let go. Bob spread himself low over the ground and just ate up the distance. We chased that cat down the street, then through an alley and then whizzed up the steps of a big house just as the front door opened and a perfectly lovely man emerged attired for an afternoon wedding or a tea-fight.

"I let Bob go then, because I fell over the top step.

"The tea-fight man, after rising from where he had been tossed by Bob, picked me up. There were awful sounds of riot from inside the house where Bob had treed the cat on a mantel. It really was an unusual situation.

"'He is such an intelligent dog,' I stuttered. 'And so affectionate!'

"The tea-fight man actually grinned. 'I owned a terrier once myself!' he confided, understandingly.

"Just then Bob dashed out and climbed into my lap with his muddy paws, just as though he was not something slightly less than a young hippopotamus. Laying his huge head on my shoulder, he sighed contentedly as though he had had a very pleasant afternoon, indeed.

"Oh, yes, I'm going to take him while Amy is away. I think a little excitement will do me good!"

LIVING FOR HIM, TOO

By LAURA KIRKMAN.

After she had torn up his photograph, and burned his letters, and saturated her last fresh handkerchief with tears, she arrived at the determination to live for others.



And poor, lonely Aunt Jo was naturally the first person to receive her attention. For weeks, as she had daubed happily in her studio, she had heard a still small voice telling her that it was not right to have come to the city and leave Aunt Jo alone in that great, echoing farmhouse; now, though she could not give up her work and return to the farm, she could at least lay a plot which, if successful, would fill the dear old lady's life brimful of happiness and companionship; she could find some little slum waif for her to adopt!

Of course diplomacy would have to be exercised. Aunt Jo was stubbornly averse to changes.

And what story could be more pathetic than that of the home life of her washerwoman's youngest? Yes, little pale-faced, neglected, Jimmie Mulligan was the very child for the role! Mrs. Mulligan, a widow with nine children, overworked and discouraged trying to keep bread on the table, would be only too thankful to settle one of her brood so comfortably in life. Indeed, she would let him go from her with a prayer of thanks.

And so she did. Not one week after the conception of the plan, Celia and Jimmie were stepping from a train in Trellisville.

A few moments later they were stepping from the vehicle before Aunt Jo's door. "Auntie! Oh, Auntie!" she called, bursting open the front door.

Speechless with surprise, Aunt Jo came down the stairs. When she caught sight of Jimmie, she stopped short.

"Spots!" she exclaimed, starting back. "It's measles!"

Measles!" Celia echoed. "Oh, dear!" she wailed. "And I've done this awful thing! Don't you think we can get him back home before he is really sick?"

A withering look from Aunt Jo silenced her.

"Dr. White—Yes, the new doctor—No, I don't know his number," Celia heard her saying. In a short time she had taken Jimmie upstairs and put him to bed, and Celia was huddled miserably on the hatrack seat in the darkest corner of the hall.

It was here that the young doctor found her crying when he came down from the sick room an hour later.

"Why! What's this!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Well, how do you do? What's the matter?" Plainly, he had heard about this member of the family—and her works!

Tearfully, Celia looked up into his kind eyes.

"Is it really measles?" she snuffed.

"I'm sorry to say that it is."

Again she buried her head. Forgetting him completely, she voiced her woes.

The young doctor sat down on the seat beside her. Kindly his hand fell on her arm, he echoed in a kind, puzzled voice, "Come; tell me all about it! What do you mean?"

Gratefully she poured her troubles into his sympathetic ear. It had seemed to her that no one in the world could ever feel swmpathetically toward her again—that all the world, along with Aunt Jo, must be displeased with her.

"Wait," he said. "Perhaps you have done good, after all. No sincere effort is ever wasted. She seemed pretty happy, up there, tucking the bedclothes in about that little kiddie—she may grow so, fond of him that you'll find you couldn't have planned things better."

Day after day, she hovered in the lower hall to catch the young doctor as he came down from the sick room, and ask him eagerly for news.

"Does she really seem fond of him?" she would inquire daily. "Do you think she'll want to keep him?"

Then, one day, she had news for him.

"What do you think!" she cried. "Aunt Jo has asked me to write to Jimmie's mother to find out if she can keep him."

"Of course," he said. "Whatever you do must turn out well. I knew this would." He stopped a moment, hesitated, then plunged on. "Of course I know there's no use in my saying what I'm going to say to you—I know your heart is broken—but I've got to say it, just the same: I love you and want you. Oh, little girl, couldn't you stop living for others and live just for me?"

Slowly a look of wonder dawned in her eyes. For a long, long, time she stood looking up at him. Then softly, breathlessly, she answered him.

"No, I could never stop living for others; it is too beautiful. I think my little transient heart break was sent me just to teach me the beauty of it. But—if you love me, and really want me—I might live for you, too."